BACONIANA.

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"COLLECTANEA" *

THIS work, in two vols., is a collection of Papers previously published, all, or nearly all, in "Notes and Queries." It deals with certain problems connected with Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. These problems are of various kinds, arising out of the curious and peculiar circumstances of that literature. The dramatists, poets, and literary men of that age are *sui generis* in this—that there is an immense amount of literary matter common to them all, so that, while some seem to be the original fountains, most seem to look on these as exhaustless wells, from which to draw any amount of fertilizing streams for their own fields. These latter, again, take either the same thoughts and phrases from the same common source, or appropriate one another's ideas and expressions without scruple and without acknowledgment. From this amazing characteristic, unknown to any other age or body of literature, the author of "Collectanea" works out, or aims at working out, the relations existing between various works of the day, for example, which supplied the others, with what is common to both, what are the dates of authorship, and, in the case of such works as "Arden of Feversham," "Locrine," and

* "Collectanea." By Charles Crawford. At the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. 1906.

"Selimus," whose they really are, in which he differs from the other critics generally. He assigns "Arden of Feversham" to Kydd, "Selimus" to Marlowe, and "Locrine" to Greene. In all this part of his work, in which he deals with the indebtedness of Marlowe to Spenser, of Barnfield to Marlowe and Spenser, of Webster to Sir Philip Sidney, of Webster, Marston, and others to Florio's translation of Montaigne, he displays the faculty of patient research and remarkable acumen and power of reasoning connected with that kind of criticism. He gives proof of the possession of such wealth of instances to serve his purpose that one cannot help regretting he should have stained his pages with some very unclean ones.

Mr. Crawford devotes the last half of his second volume (the volumes are small—130 pages in the first, 147 in the second) to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. He is a champion of the Stratford Shakspere, and very severe on those who maintain that Shakespeare the dramatist is Bacon. Like Grant White, Mr. Churton Collins, and other Shakespearean scholars, he forgets the characteristics of the scholar once he takes up his pen to discuss the now world-wide question. No adjectives or adverbs are too strong to use with regard to Baconians. All kinds of abuse and ridicule are employed. The ignorance, presumption, incompetence, and silliness of these deluded and deluding people impress him very much, as Mr. Churton Collins and many more have been impressed. All which is very curious, and worth thinking about, why it should be so. Plenty of Baconians are as learned and sensible as one need wish. They have been convinced, often reluctantly, that, first, Shakspere of Stratford is impossible as author of the Shakespeare works, and, secondly, that the master hand in them is Bacon's.

The Stratford Shakspere has become a kind of idol.

He is mainly an imaginary being constructed out of the works ascribed to him. Nothing that is known of his real life supplies the matter for the enthusiastic love and veneration of him which exists. The attempt to do away with this delusion is what chiefly makes the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy as heated, and bitter often (on one side at least), as if it were a religious, or political, or racial question under partizan discussion. It is a pity that it should be so; it prevents the truth having fair play. Anger and all other passions blind the reason more or less, and of anger especially it has been said, that it "makes us contradict the truth;" and so, proportionately, sentimental and other prejudices have great power in preventing us being fair-minded, and in blinding us to the fact that we are not so.

Mr. Crawford takes two well-known books of Baconian writers for special attack. These are Mrs. Pott's "Promus" and Dr. Theobald's "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light." He thinks that in showing these to be valueless as proofs of the identity of the philosopher and the dramatist he has demolished the whole fortress and arsenal of the enemy.

In the first place, I observe that Mrs. Pott's work is more than a quarter of a century old, and consequently it is hardly fair to attack it as if it were now what its author, or others who share her opinions, would put forward in proof of their convictions. It did good and great service in its day, and will always remain a monument of prodigious labour and great learning and ability, containing a vast amount of interesting and instructive matter, but, from the nature of the work, in parts out of date, and requiring a new, revised and corrected edition. Mr. Crawford is so engrossed with parallels and their application to the solution of literary problems that he makes the mistake of taking all the

quotations in Mrs. Pott's "Promus" as purporting to be parallels. There are great numbers of most striking parallels between the entries in Bacon's notes and Shakespeare's works presented, but the relations between the quotations from each by no means are always claimed to be that of parallelism, but rather those relations whereby, from the laws of association, one idea, or train of thought, springs from others.

With regard to Dr. Theobald's book, Mr. Crawford does it some justice previous to handing it over to the common hangman for its manifold treason against his literary liege and king. At page 81 he says:—"From a literary point of view Dr. Theobald's book is a piece of good work, and he makes the best of a very bad case. His parallels are at times striking and interesting." And, again, at page 82:—"Dr. Theobald's work displays an intimate knowledge of Bacon and Shakespeare, as was to be expected; but the fault of his whole argument is that he ignores the writings of other authors of the period." This last remark is not founded on fact. Dr. Theobald has much to say of other writers of the time, and notably a most interesting appendix of 65 pages on Marlowe. No one could read it with unjaundiced eyes without being powerfully moved to regard Marlowe as another of Bacon's masks, so strange and suggestive are the facts Dr. Theobald brings forward regarding Marlowe's works, some anonymously published during his lifetime, others posthumously—"Faustus," for example; and when a second edition of it was published nearly twenty years after Marlowe's death, it had the characteristics of so many of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio, being greatly enlarged, and the additions evidently from the pen of the author. Dr. Theobald, indeed, expressly deprecates the excessive claims of many of Bacon's believers, but he makes an exception in the case of

Marlowe, and his plea under this head is well worth careful study.

Connected with Mr. Crawford's judgment that "Dr. Theobald's book is a piece of good work" considered as literature, I wish to say that I think it so good, often brilliant, always well reasoned, to the point and full of matter, that I am surprised the author is not more widely known and recognised as a writer of distinction and a critic of remarkable power. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." When the, at present, electrically-charged atmosphere of Shakespearean scholarship gets clear and normal, I feel sure that "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" will be esteemed a great contribution to the most extraordinary literary problem that ever existed.

But Mr. Crawford is not long in proceeding to bludgeon Dr. Theobald's book out of all recognisable shape, so far is he from adopting Tennyson's canon of criticism,

> "Light reproaches, half expressed
> And loyal unto kindly laws,"

in dealing with this piece of good literary work. He says, at page 82, "his book is a waste of good paper." No doubt Mr. Crawford thinks the same of all the books that have been written on behalf of Bacon's claims, so Dr. Theobald need not be too much put out with this delicate home-thrust. His book is the fruit of long years of study of Bacon and Shakespeare, and gives proof of his having "worked" the two together—to use Mr. Crawford's favourite expression — so thoroughly as ought to have satisfied even such a worker in this way as his unsparing critic. He produces not merely isolated words, phrases, sentences for parallels, but whole trains of thought, often profound, subtle, intricate, involving philosophical views and principles, and so expressed that it is hard, if not

impossible, to conceive how two different minds could have conceived and so expressed them. Tennyson thought it a *reductio ad absurdum*, the man who wrote the essay on Love being the author of *Romeo and Juliet*. Now, Dr. Theobald proves that the philosophy of love contained in the essay is exactly, in all its details, exemplified in the plays and poetry of Shakespeare. Then Bacon's philosophy of hope, wonder, clothes, consolation, humility, sanctity, and many others, are shown to be exactly the same as Shakespeare's; so that if ever long-sustained parallels of thought and diction could be said to prove identity of authorship, or tend that way, Dr. Theobald may claim to have put forward strong proofs of his thesis.

Mr. Crawford ridicules Dr. Theobald as if he had asserted that the dramatist had coined and introduced into English a list of some 230 words, cited by Dr. Theobald to prove that the writer of the plays used these words in their classical or scholastic, and not in their common English meaning. He claims for about half-a-dozen only that the writer coined and introduced them. No one but a good Latin scholar, classical and medieval, could use such words so, and Mr. Crawford denies that his Shakspere was, or need have been, a scholar of the kind. One of the first words cited is a good example of the special reason for drawing up the list. The word is "act." It seems strange that anyone should think that this word could be claimed as having been coined by the dramatist, and introduced by him for the first time into English. What is claimed by Dr. Theobald is that it is used in such a way that it proves its user knew its philosophical force in the language of the Schools. "Distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear," *i.e.*, with fear, the passion of fear *in actu*, operating.

It is not my intention to follow Mr. Crawford in

detail through his attack, as he thinks, all along the line of the Baconian forces. One can learn a great deal from what he says, among the rest not to indulge in ridiculing opponents. In all seriousness, though, he ought to have dedicated his second volume to Mr. Churton Collins. He dedicates his first only to Professor Dowden. In this volume there is nothing to give unnecessary pain. Mr. Churton Collins, though quite at variance with Mr. Crawford as to Shakespeare's learning, proving, as he does, that he was an excellent Latin scholar and full of the spirit and phrasing of the Greek tragedians, is almost Mr. Crawford's superior in reviling and ridiculing Baconians. He speaks of their works, including such distinguished scholars as Judge Webb, Lord Penzance, Rev. Mr. Begley, not to mention others scarcely less distinguished, as "the buffooneries of sciolists, cranks and fribbles."

The authority of such a master Mr. Crawford will scarcely question. Now he agrees with Dr. Theobald on a point of Shakespeare's Greek scholarship, for which Mr. Crawford is very hard on Dr. Theobald. The latter claims that Shakespeare took the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, "Nor doth the eye itself, that most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, not going from itself," from Plato. Mr. Churton Collins, eminent as a Greek scholar, who tells us, that his constant companions are the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare, in his book, "Studies in Shakespeare," published two years ago—more than three years after Dr. Theobald's —asserts that the "strange fellow," whom Ulysses quotes, is none other than Plato, and that Shakespeare must have known the "Alcibiades" of Plato, either in the original Greek or in a Latin translation, as no English translation existed. Grant White, "Shakespeare's scholar," had said the same more than a

quarter of a century ago, another anti-Baconian worthy of being bracketed with Messrs. Collins and Crawford.

It is curious to observe how some Shakespeareans acknowledge to the full the vast learning of the plays; others, like Mr. Crawford and Mr. Sidney Lee, minimize it. Mr. Crawford informs us: "Shakespeare was merely a scholar well versed in the commonplaces of his time, and he could get all, or nearly all, his knowledge of Latin and Greek authors from works written by English writers" (p. 83). I may remark the "nearly all" spoils the argument. But that is a small matter comparatively. The differences of the Stratford Shakspere's advocates on this head of his learning, according as they themselves are capable of judging at first hand of it or not, is a proof how inadequate the concept of the Stratford personality with all its connotation is to colligate the facts connected with the authorship of the Shakespeare works.

Grant White long ago, recognising the scholarship displayed by Shakespeare, but repudiating Baconianism as not worth five minutes' consideration on the part of a sensible man, pronounces Shakespeare "a miraculous miracle" on account of his vast learning; while Mr. Crawford says, "All that need excite wonder in Shakespeare is the consummate art of the craftsman" (p. 83). The fact is, of course, that the more learning any man has of almost any kind—classical, philosophical, scientific, historical, legal, medical, musical, æsthetic, military, naval, &c., &c.—the clearer he sees the profundity and comprehensiveness of the knowledge of the author of the "Immortalities," which, I repeat, absolutely excludes the Stratford Shakspere.

Even if Mr. Crawford had proved by his treatment of Mrs. Pott's and Dr. Theobald's books that they are all he says, he would still be worlds away from upsetting

the Baconian position. The Baconian argument is an inductive process extending over an immense field of inquiry, embracing hundreds and thousands of facts and circumstances connected with the Shakespeare works, unintelligible and inexplicable while we hold the Stratford Shakspere as the author, but immediately brought into order and explained when Bacon is shown to be the prime mover and main source of the Shakespearean creation. The argument has been compared to a cable, which is made up of innumerable threads, or fibres, separately weak, but, taken together, forming a combination of adamantine strength. In this cable proof, parallels, no doubt, form an important and essential part; still, comparatively they are but a small portion of the whole. All that is necessary is to show that remarkable identities of thought and expression occur in the two sets of works, as would be the case if they were from the same source; and both Mrs. Pott and Dr. Theobald superabundantly do this for the purposes of the Baconian induction. Then come the thousand and one other reasons, all converging to the same issue and forming a cumulative argument of overwhelming power.

This being the nature of the proof, shows how wide of the truth it is to maintain that only experts in Elizabethan and Jacobean literature—"workers," like Mr. Crawford, of the books of that age with each other, professional men of letters, &c.—are fit judges of who is the author of the Shakespeare works. Certainly their evidence is valuable in many ways. But it is absurd to claim that they alone are capable of rational and self-acquired conviction on this point. Anyone intelligent enough to weigh evidence by no means wholly concerned with literary matters is competent to judge.

An unprejudiced and intelligent inquirer can be absolutely convinced of the utter impossibility of the

Stratford Shakspere having been Shakespeare the dramatist. This is the first great step, and one that should be more and more insisted on. Judge Stotsenburg in his recent work, "An Impartial Inquiry into the Shakespeare Title," devotes considerable space to this exclusion. Mr. Crawford ought to read this work; he would find that its author is as much at home with the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists as he is himself. Nor is he an undiluted Baconian. Next comes the question, Who is Shakespeare the dramatist? That Bacon had a main hand in the Shakespeare works is capable of demonstration. The strange "common property" feature of the literature of the age—seeming to show that the dramatists, poets and literary men of the time had in some way or other access to and the use of Bacon's and others' MSS., private notebooks, &c.—makes one think of Scipio, Lælius, Terence, and the Poets' Guild on the Aventine. Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, seem to have been the heads or guiding spirits of learned societies for the advancement of learning, and to have got hold of the stage, to some extent at least, for the purpose of spreading the light. There exists a mass of Latin verse, written by Bacon's "sons" immediately after his death, in which he is spoken of as the greatest of poets, as having filled the world with books and as having restored philosophy through the drama.

Mr. Harold Bayley in his able and original work, "The Shakespeare Symphony" (which again Mr. Crawford ought to read, and which he would find replete with that knowledge he so much desiderates in Baconians), has this common property feature as the central idea; and though he does not profess to give a complete solution to the problem, he suggests one. At page 353 he says:—"I do not maintain that Bacon was the concealed author of all the plays from which I

have quoted extracts; but for many of them he will, I believe, ultimately be found to have been responsible, and for others his disciples could probably have rendered some account. In sculpture, painting and literature, nothing is more perilous than to be dogmatic in differentiating between the authentic works of a master and the imitations of his own school. A recent editor observes that 'in Bacon's day every important new idea was arrested in the name of Dogma, and as nearly strangled as was possible to those in authority.' It were a brave device if, as I suspect, Bacon systematically 'trickt up a companie of taffeta fooles' and under 'their feathers' (dodging through the serried ranks of Authority) planted unsuspected far forward into chaos the standard of the New Philosophy. As if to prove the necessity for the ruse, the Dean of Ely in the Shakespearean Sermon of 1897 stated: 'There were some things in Shakespeare that the author might have been burnt for had he been a theologian, just as certainly as there were things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or statesman, would have brought him to the block.'"

After all, the authorship of the plays is but the introduction to what they really are. Dr. Theobald in this book of his, which is certain to command the attention and careful study of Shakespearean scholars more and more as unreasoned convictions and prejudices die away, at page 125 says:—"In the language of mystic philosophy Shakespeare's art is the continent and ultimate of Bacon's philosophy; there is a perfect correspondence and continuity between them. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual world, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth as influx from the creative thought of Bacon's science, giving to it a concrete presentation, a living, organised counterpart."

This luminous passage, one of a great number of thoughtful and beautiful passages throughout the whole work, at once suggests that the plays were intended to supply the mysteriously missing parts of the *Instauratio Magna*. Bacon himself repeatedly says that his method for giving everlasting youth and vigour to his philosophy, and for obtaining sovereignty over the minds and hearts of men for their own good, is a profound secret, which his own age was not fitted to receive—which, in fact, if it knew, he could not insinuate himself into men's minds as he desired without contradiction and destructive opposition, but which after-ages would discover and would confess that he had acted wisely and beneficently in concealing it at the cost of such self-effacement.

This, then, is what gives the question of authorship its supreme interest. The plays are Bacon's secret method. The golden thread interlacing and weaving together in innumerable ways the acknowledged works and the Shakespearean is the *Filum Labyrinthi*. The comedies, histories and tragedies are, as some think, the fourth, fifth and sixth parts of the *Instauratio Magna*, or, as others maintain, the fourth part only; while others again connect them with the prerogative instances of the *Novum Organum*. What a field for research there is here! But while the struggle rages about the authorship at the very entrance of the Labyrinth, the treasures waiting for those who shall succeed in penetrating its inmost recesses cannot enrich the world in all the ways the discoverer and storer of them intended. When students generally recognise the Baconian master-hand in these works, the Baconian mystery will be understood soon after and utilised "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate"—the one great end and aim of the *Instauratio Magna*.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

BACON AND EDMUND SPENSER

TO those who have taken the trouble to study the original editions of Spenser's works there are apparent many peculiarities that are not easily explained. In a few pages I hope to be able to bring some of them together, and at the outset I must premise that my attention was first turned to this subject by the statement in Bacon's cipher story that he had used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out poems of his own. If this statement were worth examining, a first step in the business would be to look carefully into the various early editions of Spenser's works and see if they disclosed anything; and in particular if they, or other contemporary writers, gave any account of the poet's life.

In the year 1679, eighty years after Spenser's death, a handsome folio edition of his works was brought out. It comprised all his poems, including *Britain's Ida*, which was first attributed to Spenser in 1628 by Thomas Walkley, who then brought it out, but which is now generally repudiated by the critics. It also contained his prose *View of the State of Ireland*. There is no indication given as to who was the editor of this edition. In this, however, it does not differ from the two previous folios of Spenser's poems, brought out, the first in 1611, the second in 1617. These two are entirely without any preface or editor's name; they simply came out. That of 1611 is the first gathering of Spenser's poems that had been made, and is notable for the fact that in it, for the first time, *The Shepherd's Calendar* appears as a work of Spenser's. Previous to that date the five quartos of this poem, that had come out during the poet's life-time, had appeared anonymously, and it was not until 1611 (thirteen years after Spenser's death) that *The Shepherd's Calendar* is quietly,

and without any explanation, included in the volume of Spenser's works. One would have thought that the editor of this volume, whoever he was, would have seized the opportunity to announce that this important poem, hitherto unacknowledged, had now been definitely ascertained to be one of Spenser's works; but there is not a word, and, as so often happens with these Elizabethan poets works that knew them not during their life-time pace forth as their veritable children, after their deaths.

The 1679 folio is worthy of special notice, in that it has prefixed to it a short sketch of the life of Spenser. There was nothing of this sort in either of the two earlier folios. The only biography that I know of, previous to 1679, is a very short one that appeared among Fuller's *Worthies*, published for the first time in 1662, four years after Fuller's death. This was very slight and incomplete; it submitted no date of birth, and gave the year 1598 as the date of the poet's death. The most of the space was occupied in relating the story of Queen Elizabeth's having promised him £100, and how he had been baulked of this by the stinginess of the Lord Treasurer, and only obtained it after waylaying Her Majesty in one of her Progresses and propounding his grievance in a witty rhyme. After 1679, Winstanley brought out, in 1684 and 1688, his *Select Lives of the Most Eminent Persons* and his *Lives of English Poets*. In both of these he deals with Spenser in much the same way as Fuller dealt; there is very little said about his work, no date mentioned of his birth, and that of his death is put at 1598; while an epitaph is recorded that is completely different from that of the 1679 folio.

Whenever we open the 1679 folio we are struck by its very unexpected appearance. If one is familiar with 1611 and 1617 books, and the gaily illustrated frontis-

piece which adorns them, the funereal aspect of the 1679 folio comes as an unpleasant surprise. Instead of a lively young shepherd, confronting a fantastically dressed young woman, who might be typical of poesie or the drama, we have simply a dark and gloomy picture of a monumental tablet. This picture of the Stone in Westminster Abbey is sufficiently large and clear to enable one to read with ease the inscription on it. What strikes one at once is the extreme peculiarity of such an adornment as this to such poems as Spenser's. They are not gloomy or funereal in character, and the period at which this folio came out, being eighty years after the poet's death, was too remote to make a memorial edition appropriate; such an edition might have had some reason in 1611, but not in the third folio in 1679, and certainly there is nothing attractive about this frontispiece. If, however, we are surprised at the general appearance of this page, our surprise is increased on reading the epitaph. It is as follows:—

"Here lyes (expecting the Second
coming of Our Saviour Christ
Jesus) the body of Edmund Spencer
the Prince of Poets in his tyme
whose Divine Spirit needs noe
othir witness than the works
which he left behind him
He was borne in London
In the yeare 1510 and
died in the Yeare
1596."

Now it requires very little acquaintance with the writings of Spenser to know that birth in the year 1510 is quite incompatible with the poems that are attributed to him, and which first began to come out in 1579, when he would be 69 years of age. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, the first quarto of which appeared in that year, is un-

doubtedly the work of quite a young man, and indeed the author is alluded to as a lad. So much was this discrepancy between this date and Spenser's writings apparent, that in 1778, when his tablet in Westminster Abbey was restored, and made as it is at the present day—though the exact shape and adornment of the stone was preserved, so that we have it as represented in our folio, and though the wording, spelling and arrangement of lines were strictly followed, *the dates were altered.* The inscription of the present day concludes :—

"He was born in London
in the yeare 1553 and
Died in the yeare
1598."

To change dates on such a solemn record as a monumental tablet in Westminter Abbey must strike one as an extraordinarily violent action. There is no statement informing us why it was done, nor who did it. On the base of the present stone there is simply cut "Restored by private subscription in 1778."

For 180 years after the poet's death the dates 1510 and 1596 were suffered to remain and were not changed by his contemporaries, and those who knew him. They were apparently accepted as true, and yet it is without question that the first date, at any rate, is quite impossible when taken in conjunction with his work. I have said that in neither of the two early folios was there anything of the nature of biography. The question of the date of birth was therefore not raised. Fuller and Winstanley both avoided it by simply saying nothing about it. How, then, does this unknown editor of the 1679 folio—who has boldly selected a picture of this monumental tablet, with its extraordinary dates as a frontispiece for his edition—how does he deal with this difficulty? It was impossible that he could read *The*

Shepherd's Calendar without seeing the incongruity between the author of that and an old man of 69; yet he begins his biography with the following words, "Mr. Spenser was born in London (as his epitaph says) in the year of our Lord 1510," after which he no further attempts to explain away the difficulty. And a few lines further down he says: "Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip), then in full glory at court, was the person, to whom he" (Spenser) "designed the first discovery of himself." This period, when Sidney was in full glory at Court, could not have been earlier than 1577 and was probably a year or two later, when Spenser, if born in 1510, would be 67 and over; which is absurd. And yet the editor does not in the least attempt to palliate the difficulty. Rather does he seem to have purposely done all he could to emphasise it and rivet attention upon it. The picture of the tablet was put in, seemingly, to prevent anyone from saying that it was only a printer's error in the biography when it states that he was "born in London (as his Epitaph says) in the year of our Lord 1510." But is it not a strange thing that a biographer should commence his biography with such a statement as this, that is manifestly out of truth with the life he is going to write, and then in no way try to explain the puzzle? So plainly to throw discredit on his own work is almost as though he were laughing in his sleeve at his readers.

The biography occupies only about a page and a half of the folio. In his summary of Spenser's character the writer says:—

"He was a man of extraordinary accomplishments, excellently skilled in all parts of Learning: of a profound Wit, copious invention, and solid judgment . . . he excelled all other Ancient and Modern Poets, in Greatness of Sense, Decency of Expression, Height of Imagination, Quickness of Conceit, Grandeur and

Majesty of Thought, and all the glories of Verse. Where he is passionate, he forces tears and commiserations from his Readers; where pleasant and airy, a secret satisfaction and smile; and where bold and Heroique, he inflames their breasts with Gallantry and Valour. . . . He was, in a word, completely happy in everything that might render him Glorious and inimitable to future ages."

One cannot but be struck by such tremendous praise as this; it would scarcely be possible to say anything higher; indeed, this man must have been the very greatest of all men, since "he excelled all other Ancient and Modern poets." One is forcibly reminded of the language that Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, uses of Lord Bacon. He there says:

"But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he *(i.e.*, Bacon) who hath filled up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue which may be compared or preferr'd either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. . . . So that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language. . . . My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want."

It is very remarkable, and may have intentional significance, that Ben Jonson scarcely even mentions Spenser, whom the unknown editor of the 1679 folio so highly extols, and in his list of the great ones of the Elizabethan period, entirely ignores him. All that he says of Spenser is contained in two passages, the first on p. 97 (ed. 1641), where he says: "Nay, if it were put

to the question of the Water-rhymers works, against Spenser's I doubt not but they would find more suffrages."

And again on page 116: "Spenser in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: yet I would have him read for his matter: but as Virgil read Ennius."

This is indeed mild notice as compared with the eulogium of the unknown biographer I have been considering, but Jonson's treatment of the Elizabethan poets and writers throughout is extremely puzzling. His remarks upon Shakespeare are well-known and have been often quoted. They are pitched in a much lower key than those applied to Bacon, and are the praises due to a worthy man, whose worth had been conspicuous among the actors of the time. "He was indeed honest," says Jonson, "and of an open and free nature: had an excellent Phantasie, brave notions and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd," &c.

Compare this with the high praise Jonson pours out upon Bacon, and one can have little doubt that when speaking thus of Shakespeare he had not in mind a great author. And what shall we say of the fact that Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nash, and the many others of the Elizabethan times, the "nest of singing birds" that John Richard Green spoke of, have no place at all in Jonson's review? But we must not allow ourselves to be drawn into the extraordinary labyrinth of Ben Jonson's utterances, and silences, regarding contemporary and earlier poets or writers. To follow this would take much time, and no one has yet reached the end of it. I may add that Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* were first printed and made public in 1641, four years after Jonson's death; though as usual in such matters at that period we have no means of knowing who

edited them and brought them out. It is interesting to note that the writer of the article upon Jonson in *The Dictionary of National Biography* remarks, without, as I think, any *arriere pensèe* in the matter :—

"The 171 detached paragraphs (of the *Discoveries*) approach the type of the Baconian Essay, though Jonson deprecates the name."

I do not doubt but that in the future we may find a reason why the *Discoveries* approach the type of the Baconian Essay.

After the short biography (in the 1679 folio), there follow some five of the letters of the Harvey-Immerito correspondence. I need scarcely remind my readers that *The Shepherd's Calendar* was published anonymously under the pseudonym of "Immerito." The letters are written in 1579-80. They form part of a much larger correspondence which has been preserved to us in Harvey's letter book, and which has been reprinted by the Camden Society. Harvey addresses his correspondent as "Immerito" and "Signor Benvenolio." Spenser's name never once occurs in all the letters, and the inference that they are addressed to him is drawn from the fact that they are addressed to the author of the poems that are now attributed to Spenser.

In one letter addressed by Harvey to Immerito the following occurs :—

"You suppose most of these bodily and sensual pleasures are to be abandoned as unlawful, and the inward, contemplative delights of the mind, more zealously to be embraced as most commendable. Good Lord ! you a gentleman, a courtier, a youth, and go about to revive so old, and stale, and bookish opinion, dead and buried many hundred years before you or I knew whether there were any world or no ! "

Language such as this was not applicable to the traditionary Spenser ; in his youth he could not be

called "a courtier," still less could the Spenser of our biographer, born in 1510, be called "a youth" in 1579. But such language exactly fitted the young Francis Bacon, intimate about the English Court, and just returned from the Court of France. The whole of this Harvey-Immerito correspondence forms a large subject by itself, and is full of puzzles and peculiarities. Like so much of the Elizabethan literature, whenever one begins to examine closely, one comes upon incongruities and mysteries. The original Harvey letter book has been preserved in MS., and one's trouble is only intensified by the fact that it has been seriously mutilated, whole pages removed, and letters broken off just at the point where they seemed about to disclose something. The passage above quoted is one little minnow that has escaped from the drag net wherein the bigger fish have been caught and carried away.

There is a strange piece of literary juggling in this 1679 folio to which I have now to call attention, the elucidation of which is, I confess, not easy.

At the very end of the folio, immediately before the glossary, there occurs this notice:—

> "Reader, Be pleased to take notice, That in the later Editions of Spenser's Poems in Folio (which we now followed) there is wanting one whole Stanza, in the month of June, which out of the First Edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar* in quarto may be thus supplied, and is to come in at page 25, col. 2, after the 28th line." Then follows the verse.

I find that this omitted verse last appeared in the 4th or 1591 quarto of *The Shepherd's Calendar;* it was dropped out of the 5th quarto, that of 1597, and was also wanting in the two folios of 1611 and 1617. But though lacking in these books it is curious that the corresponding change in the Glosse was over-

looked, and the allusion to the omitted verse still appears there.

What could have been the reason for dropping out this verse? And why, when it was restored, should it be done in this way and not put back into its proper place? It was evidently done of set purpose, and was carefully kept out of its place for these 90 years; but why? Another strange light is thrown on this affair by a Latin version of *The Shepherd's Calendar* that came out in 1653 (26 years before the folio of 1679), George Bathurst being the author. At the end of this book, in quite the same way, and in the same form of words, notice of this omitted verse is given and the verse recited. Now this Latin edition has the Latin on one page, and the corresponding English opposite to it. But the curious thing is, that while the Latin translation of the verse is given in its proper place in the poem, the English original is left out on the opposite page: and in order to make the fewer English verses correspond in space with the Latin, the printer has been at the pains to spread out the English lines so as to fill up the page. It would have been so much easier, one would have thought, and so much seemlier, to have put the English verse in its place, but for some reason the printer felt himself bound to observe some unexplained behest, and keep the verse out. Seemingly this behest, or whatever it may have been, applied only to the English verse, for in the 1679 folio itself, there is inserted the Latin version of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and the translation of the omitted verse appears in its proper place. There is not a word of explanation anywhere of what all this means, or why the omission was first made — just as in the case of Spenser's birth date, the statement is made and we are left to guess or imagine the meaning of it.

The verse itself gives little help towards the solution

of the puzzle. It might refer, and could only refer, one would think, to the recent death of some great man. But whose death? The verse last appeared in 1591, it is partially restored in 1653 and 1679, and wholly restored I know not when. Spenser died in 1596-8. This is what the verse says :—

> "Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
> (O why should death on him such outrage show !)
> And all his passing skill with him is fled,
> The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
> But if on me some little drops would flow,
> Of that the spring was in his learned head,
> I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
> And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed."

I think it can hardly be gainsaid that it was the deliberate intention of the editors of these various books to refer to, and draw attention to, some particular person, and to this person's death, by the unusual treatment of this verse. But I fear some other important parts of the puzzle are wanting, so that it is impossible for us as yet to put the pieces together. The year 1679 seems too remote from the death of anyone whom we even suspect to be connected with *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and yet there is, undoubtedly, as I think, some hidden reference here. It is not, either, a mere printer's matter ; it must have been handed down to, and passed .on through, the various editors. The books have quite different printers.

The 1617 folio is "Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes." The 1653 Latin version is "Printed for M. M. T. C. and Gabriel Bedell and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street," and the 1679 edition is "Printed by Henry Hills, for Jonathan Edwin, at the Three Roses in Ludgate Street."

I cannot leave this verse without drawing attention

to the line:—"The fame whereof doth daily greater grow," as being so strongly reminiscent of the Latin verselet inscribed at the end of the *Manes Verulamiani* in the 1640 edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, the translation of which is, "The fame of Bacon grows as a tree for some unknown age."

Recalling now the statement of the cipher story that Bacon used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out his poems, one turns to *The Shepherd's Calendar* to see if any information can be got from that book itself. And when doing this it is necessary to say something about Spenser's life. With the date of his birth we are sufficiently familiar. In the year 1580 he went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and remained there practically for the rest of his life. He visited England on two occasions, in 1589-90 and 1596, and was in Ireland within a month of the close of his life in Westminster in 1598. This is from the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

In his book, *The Strange Case of Francis Tidir*, Mr. Parker Woodward has some interesting particulars about Spenser's life and movements. He gives the day of his death as the 16th January, 1599, which, of course, according to the old style would be called 1598. He says further, "There is no evidence of his having visited England between 1580 and December, 1598." He also details the futile attempts that have been made to identify Spenser with various Edmund Spensers whose name has been encountered in records of the period.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (IXth Ed.) says that Spenser went to Ireland in 1580, was there till 1589; returned to London in that year, back to Ireland in 1591; returned to London probably in 1595, back to Ireland again for a brief time in 1598; returned to London and died there on the 16th January, 1599. With regard to his parentage, his father was supposed to be John

Spenser, a free journeyman tailor, but, adds the writer of the article, "Nothing approaching certainty can be reached on this point."

The curious discrepancies as to times of visits to England seem to have arisien from the fact that there is no actual evidence of those visits, and that they have been inferred from various phrases picked out of the Spenser poems.

One fact upon which all seem to agree is that he was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the tablet I have described, erected to him at the charges of the Earl of Essex. Taking 1579 as the date of the first appearance of any of the Spenser Poems (*The Shepherd's Calendar*) we see that throughout the whole of the time when all his poems were coming out, Spenser was resident in Ireland, and was a stranger to London and its literary Society. I do not think there can be any question of this; all the researches into his life approximately agree as to the date of his going to Ireland, and the length of his stay there. As Mr. Parker Woodward truly says, it is an extraordinary thing that a poet resident in Ireland, which at that time was many days remote from England, should be so well acquainted with ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court as to address poems to them. No correspondence with him has ever been shown to exist.

Further, there is the undoubted fact that all the five quarto editions of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, all of which came out during Spenser's lifetime, were published anonymously. The first of these editions was published in 1579, the second in 1581, a third in 1586, a fourth in 1591, and the fifth in 1597. During all these years, while this book was being read—and apparently from the frequency of publication it was "well-liked of"—Spenser's name was in no way connected with it, and Spenser's authorship in no way hinted at. I think

it is most important to keep this fact clearly in mind. It is the more remarkable and significant as during many of these years Spenser's authorship as a poet was plainly acknowledged. The first edition of *The Fairie Queen* with his name as author, was brought out in 1590, and his minor poems appeared in his lifetime with his name acknowledged on the title page. But with *The Shepherd's Calender* it was different; for many years it was read as the work of an unknown writer, and it was not until 1611, when it was included—without explanation or remark—among Spenser's works, in the first folio edition of his poems, that the people of England were given to understand that this also was by the author of *The Fairie Queen*, and *that*, be it remembered, was 13 years after Spenser's death.

Surely this suppression of authorship was for some reason. Or was it, perhaps, that the attribution of authorship to one who had been in the grave for thirteen years was an easy and a safe way of quieting troublesome questioners? *The Shepherd's Calendar* is largely biographical; if people were constantly trying to pierce the veil of anonimity, some awkwardly correct guesses might be made; but if it were boldly announced that the author was one who was dead thirteen years ago, there was nothing more to be said; and though the statements made, and things hinted at, might be such as to excite the deepest curiosity, the dead author could not be questioned, and could not rise to explain.

That the anonimity of the book was recognised is shown by a contemporary allusion to it in Puttenham's (or Webster's) *Arte of English Poesie*, published in 1589. In Chapter XXXI., Book I., of that work, Puttenham, when speaking of the various poets who have arisen in England, and when describing their various characteristics, says—

"For Eclogue and pastoral Poesie, Sir Philip Sydney, and

Master Challenner, and that other Gentleman who wrote the late *Shepherd's Calendar.*

Further, George Whitstones, in his *Honourable Life and Valiant Death* of Sir Philip Sidney, published in 1587, clearly and plainly attributes *The Shepherd's Calendar* to Sidney, and this though the book professes to be dedicated to Sir Philip himself!

It is clear from this that the name of Spenser at that time was unknown as the author of this work, and that there was complete uncertainty on the subject.

Besides the halo of mystery surrounding the book from this anonymous publication, and the interest aroused by the suppressed verse that I have spoken of, there is the double interest called forth by its biographical character.

The Shepherd's Calendar consisted of twelve Eclogues proportionable to the twelve months of the year. After the fantastic fashion of the time each Eclogue consisted of a dialogue between two shepherds, and these "shepherds" masqueraded under various names. At the end of each Eclogue there is a "Glosse," and the great interest of the work is contained in this Glosse, in that it explains partly who is intended by some of the characters. Thus in the very first month, January, the young shepherd lad, Colin Clout, is introduced, and in the Epistle preceding the Eclogues we are informed that under this name the author's self is shadowed, while as if to emphasise the fact we are told in the September Glosse, "Now I think no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Author's self." Other persons that we have, either set forth or alluded to, are Henry VIII., Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Robert Earl of Leicester, Gabriel Harvey, and some who can only be guessed at. But for me at present the important fact is that Colin is the author, and what is said of Colin refers to the author. Now, assuming as a working

hypothesis that the author was Bacon and not Spenser, how do the facts of Colin's life fit Bacon's? That is to say, how do they fit Bacon's secret life as it has been disclosed to us in the cipher story—not the ordinary surface life that has been carefully retailed by his modern biographers.

We know that Bacon when about sixteen years of age (in 1577) went to Paris and for the period of two years resided at the gay Court of Charles IX., under the roof of the British Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, and that he returned to England on the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon in 1579. At this time he would be eighteen years of age. The cipher story tells us that when in Paris he fell madly in love with Marguerite de Valois, sister of the King, wife of Henry of Navarre, and daughter of Catherine, the widow of Henry II. It was in 1579 that the first edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar* came out, and Colin is introduced to us in the Argument as a shepherd boy, who "complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly as it seemeth, enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind." As showing Colin's youth he speaks of himself in the following words :—

> "Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart
> As if my years were waste and waxen old,
> And yet alas, but now my spring begun,
> And yet alas, it is already done."

And again, he says that it was in "the neighbour town" that he first saw the beautiful Rosalind.

> "A thousand sithes I curse the careful hour
> Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see:
> And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour,
> Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she."

It is necessary to note these points. Upon the hypothesis that Colin was Bacon it was in Paris (the

neighbour town), when he was in the spring of his years, that he first saw Marguerite; upon the hypothesis that Colin was Spenser, I know not what neighbour town the reference could be to. The Spenser biographers set forth that Spenser met and fell in love with Rosalinde somewhere in the North of England, and that she was a yeoman's daughter, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the Glosse for the April Eclogue states that Rosalinde is "a gentlewoman of no mean house," and is besides a FOREIGNER.

To remove the veil that has been thrown over Rosalinde and to disclose her identity is, I submit, the touchstone of this poem. The efforts of Spenser's biographers in this direction have been singularly ineffective, simply because they have been following a perfectly worthless clue.

There are certain indications given in the various Glosses as to who Rosalinde was. First, in the January Glosse, the opening month of the Calendar, it is stated that—

"Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and Mistress, whom by that name he coloureth."

This, of course, means that the letters of the name "Rosalinde" otherwise disposed, in the way that was much in vogue by the makers of name anagrams at that time, would give the real name of his love.

Further, in the April Eclogue, Rosalinde is described as "the widow's daughter of the 'glen,'" and as a foreigner. The Glosse upon this is very explicit. It says—

"He calleth Rosalinde the widow's daughter of the Glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to color and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar

and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but such indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should bee commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues."

In dealing with this name the biographers have been quite unconvincing. The *Dictionary of National Biography* suggests that she was "Rose," the daughter of a yeoman named "Dyneley," but Rose Dyneley could not be extracted from Rosalinde; and this ignores that she was a foreigner, that he met her at a town, and that she was "the widow's daughter of the glen." The Rev. J. H. Todd, in his "Biography of Spenser," prefixed to his poems (1805), suggests "Rose Linde," which is certainly not a very mystical veiling of the name, but does not attempt to deal with the other points; and somewhere else I remember to have seen Alis Dorne. But all these are inconclusive as ignoring the other conditions entirely, especially "that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house;" and it is quite evident that the conditions premised for Rosalinde can in no way be made applicable to the love of Edmund Spenser.

How shall we fare under the hypothesis that "Colin" meant Bacon, and that "Rosalinde" was Bacon's love, Marguerite?

Well, Marguerite was a "foreigner;" he met her at the "neighbour town" of Paris, whither he had gone to reside temporarily with Sir Amyas Paulet. She was, undoubtedly, "a gentlewoman of no mean house," for she was of the House of Valois that had given many kings to France, and was the daughter of Henry II. That she was "the widow's daughter" is undoubted, for she was the daughter of Catherine de Medici, the widow of Henry II.; and that she was "of the glen" is also equally apparent, for she was

Marguerite de Valois, that is, Margaret of the Valley, or Margaret of the Glen. I think it would be impossible to find a parallel more accurate than this.

But what about the name "Rosalinde" which, being well ordered, "will bewray the very name of his love and mistress?"

Here I must premise that Marguerite in French means a daisy, and that such was its meaning in the 16th and 17th centuries is shown by a marginal note in Drayton's poem, *The Miseries of Queen Margarite* (a different Queen Margarite this), published in 1627. This note says, "Margarite in French signifieth a Daysie." Then, again, I must call up an obsolete word "lorn," meaning "lost." This word is used in the January Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and it is also to be found in the Glossary of words at the end of the 1679 folio, where, among a few words beginning with L, its meaning is given. Now, Rosalinde well ordered gives us "Dasie lorn," or "Lost Marguerite," which, I think, is a remarkably close approximation to the very name of his love and mistress. Considering the great latitude that was allowed in spelling in the 16th and 17th centuries, I think the spelling "Dasie," may be accepted for the purposes of the anagram. In an early 17th century dictionary I have seen it written "Dazy."*

This making of name anagrams, at the time I am speaking of, was very fashionable among poets and literary persons; and though the custom may seem rather silly to us, and we are quite unable to catch the flavour or bouquet of it, yet in those days it was often used as a delicate form of praise, and if one could

* In the 1617 folio "Rosalinde" is spelt with the final "e" in January Eclogue. In the April Glosse she is called "Rosalinda," and is also spelt "Rosalind," without the final "e." In the 1679 folio the name was spelt without the final "e."

extract some flattering attribute from a person's name, it seemed in some way an evidence that the person must possess the particular quality:—as when "James Stuart" makes "A Just Master." A great deal of this work has been done, and we need not be surprised to find the play used in Rosalinde's case.

It is interesting to see if anything can be extracted from *The Shepherd's Calendar* about Colin's—that is, Bacon's—birth and parentage. Those who are acquainted with the cipher story are aware that it sets forth that Bacon was the lawful son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, begotten of their secret marriage, and that the misery of Bacon's life was caused by the continued refusal to acknowledge and announce to the world, his true position. Last year I had the pleasure of reading to the Bacon Society a translation of a French Life of Bacon, prefixed to a little-known book of Bacon's—*Histoire Naturelle*,* published in Paris in 1631. This "Life" was the first that had ever been published, and anti-dated by twenty-six years Rawley's "Life," which was the first English production on the subject. The French Life, as I showed, contained some remarkable confirmations of the cipher story, and many statements that were intelligible only if read in the light of the cipher story. If I am right in assuming that in *The Shepherd's Calendar* Colin, the author, means Bacon and not Spenser, are there any birth allusions to confirm this?

The sixth stanza of the April Eclogue begins:—

> "Colin thou kenst the Southern Shepherd's boy,
> Him love hath wounded with a deadly dart."

There is nothing in these lines particularly to arrest attention, and anyone would pass them by without pausing, either for enquiry or examination. But

* See BACONIANA, April, 1906.

when we turn to the Glosse on this we find the following :—

"*Colin thou kenst,* knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern Nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, and because he so often nameth the Kentish downs."

Now, I submit that there was absolutely nothing in the lines I have quoted that seemed to imply, or required the explanation to make them intelligible, that Colin pertained to some southern nobleman. It seems to me that this piece of information is dragged into the Glosse solely to give us a hint as to who Colin really was, and to tune the mind to the idea that he was not only not of mean and low condition, but of high degree and noble lineage. I cannot see any other reasonable explanation of this Glosse.

Again, it is remarkable in what a delicate and almost cunning manner the Earl of Leicester is brought in. This occurs in the eighth stanza of the October Eclogue :—

> "There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
> And stretch herself at large from East to West :
> Whither thou list in fair Eliza rest,
> Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
> Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
> That first the white Bear to the stake did bring."

If it were not for the Glosse this would be somewhat vague, though of course the Bear and the ragged staff were—in those days at least—well known as the distinction of the Earl of Leicester. But the Glosse says :—

"*The worthy,* he meaneth (as I guess) the most honourable and renowned, the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather than by his name, he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worthy Princes be known to Country Clowns."

12 The Glosse also explains that by "Eliza" is intended

Queen Elizabeth; and note that Leicester is styled—"the worthy whom she loveth best."

In the September Eclogue there is introduced a character styled "Roffin" and "Roffy." A story is brought in to show Roffin's power and cleverness ("for Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed") in circumventing a wolf in sheep's clothing that came among his flock and stole the lambs away. I cannot but think that this tale has reference to some occurrence in actual life, veiled under fanciful characters. The Glosse says:—

"This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But what I certainly know not."

In another part the Glosse says:—

"*Roffy*, the name of a Shepherd in Marot his Eclogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flock."

All this playing with the name Roffin, Roffy, and Robin suggests to one's mind the idea of Robin for Robert (as it was constantly used), and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who, under the Queen, had great power and responsibility in the governance of the flock. It seems to me a cautious and crafty hinting at the identity of Roffin, meant to pique the reader's curiosity, and yet leave the writer uncommitted to any definite statement; so that though one might guess at whom he glances under the mask of Roffin it might always be open to him to deny the charge. And there was need for wariness and caution, so as not to blurt out too plainly who was meant if he were some very great and secret personage, for within half-a-dozen lines of his coming upon the scene we are told that Colin is his son!

"Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy."

And in the former Glosse that I have quoted from the

month of April it is said that Colin is a nobleman's son; therefore, joining this with that, it is abundantly clear that under the name of Roffin or Roffy some nobleman is intended. That it is certainly the Earl of Leicester I cannot say from what we have here; but if I am right, then I think we will find in some quite different writing or poem the Earl of Leicester plainly spoken of as "Roffin" or "Roffy;" we know that he is often called "Robin." It is in this manner that the different pieces of the Bacon puzzle are scattered about, and have to be carefully picked out and put together.

We can see now, if Bacon is identical with Colin Clout as the author, how important all this tale about Roffin becomes as a confirmation of the Bacon cipher story. And I think that great significance is to be attached to the Glosse upon the line "Colin Clout I ween be his self boy." It is as follows:—

"*Colin Clout.* Now I think no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Author's self."

This is the only mention in any of the Glosses that Colin is the author; the other mention of the fact occurs in the preliminary Epistle. Colin's name comes up frequently in different Eclogues. There is absolutely nothing in the occurrence of the name at this particular time to suggest his authorship or to require any explanation in the Glosse; but I believe the assertion was made at this point so as to couple the author of these poems with the parentage that was at the same time announced, and fix the idea in the reader's mind.

That there was an intimate and mysterious connection between the Earl of Leicester and the author of the Spenser poems is shown by the extraordinary dedication of *Virgil's Gnat.* This was one of the minor Spenser poems included under the name of *Complaints* which were published in 1591. The Earl of Leicester died in 1588.

The dedication is as follows :—

"VIRGILS GNAT, LONG SINCE DEDICATED TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE EARL OF LEICESTER, DECEASED."

"Wronged, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie tears my case I thus complaine
Unto your self, that only privy are : "

There is no connection that can even be suggested, between Spenser and the Earl of Leicester, that will offer any explanation of these words, or assign a reason why they should be addressed to a man who had been dead for some years. In 1591 Spenser had been for eleven years in Ireland, and was in comfortable circumstances, with his secretaryship and 3,000 acres of land in the County of Cork. But with Bacon's cipher story in our minds, and Bacon as the speaker of these words, how plain they become and how full of meaning. These four lines give, in the most concentrated form, the very pith and marrow of his misery. Leicester had indeed wronged him deeply by neglecting to make clear to the world his real position and his birthright; and yet Bacon did not dare to express his pain, nor tell what, or how, he suffered.

After the lines that I have quoted, the little dedicatory poem continues :—

" But if that any Oedipus unware,
Shall chance, through power of some divining sprite,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleased with his own in sight,
Ne further seek to glosse upon the text :
For grief enough it is to grieved wight,
To feel his fault and not be further vext.
But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known."

There seems to be a very strong and plain hint here

that the *Virgil's Gnat* in some way contains the secret of the riddle, and will disclose "the purport of his evil plight." For three hundred years and more this poem has been public property, and the reading of it in Spenserian light has failed to extract any secret or even to bring to mind anything in the way of a riddle that it might contain. I suggest that it should be carefully read in the light of the Bacon cipher story, to see what information it could yield. The doing of this would be a most interesting task for one equipped with the necessary classical knowledge, and with a wide reading in Ancient Mythology—with which the poem is packed. I believe—on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Todd—that the translation differs in many places from Virgil's original, and these points of difference would without doubt be of importance.

There are I dare say many passages throughout *The Shepherd's Calendar* that could be made clear if one were to go on, and I hope others will be found to take up this quest. I think, however, I may fairly claim to have been able to throw light upon places that have hitherto been dark, and to have offered a solution of the Rosalinde problem that fits better with the language of the poem than anything that before has been given. There is of course an immensely wide field to be traversed in the literary parallels between Bacon and Spenser. Mr. Harold Bayley has done much in this, in his *Shakespeare Symphony*, and doubtless much more remains to be done. But it is chiefly by following the clue given in the cipher story of Bacon's life that dark and tangled passages may be smoothed out and their hidden meaning brought to light. Given the right clue and almost any mystery may be unravelled; but one may follow a wrong clue to the end of time and elucidate nothing.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

FRANCIS ST. ALBAN AND HIS "FAIR LADY"

Address to a Meeting of the Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban, May, 1907.

MOST readers know of the fair lady whom Francis Bacon would woo and win, and without whom, he declared, he could not be happy. She is truth, or divine wisdom, and although under many names we meet with her throughout the Baconian or Rosicrucian literature, she is "all one, ever the same," and "truth is truth to the end of the reckoning."

Many theories have been put forward concerning the fair and dark ladies* of the Shakespeare Sonnets, and various writers have proved to their own satisfaction how some of these Sonnets were mere hyperbolic compliments addressed to Queen Elizabeth, or to this or that other great lady. Probably some of them were now and then so used, but I am convinced that their true and inner meaning and purpose was something far deeper and higher; they will prove to be connected with the earnest efforts of the poet philosopher to aid in advancing the knowledge of those "secrets of God" which he notes in his *Promus*,† and repeatedly alludes in his myriad-minded writings. Such things he

* Of the dark lady of the Sonnets, Duessa of the F. Qu[illegible]ne, there is not space to speak. They are the false and seductive philosophies—vain, but attractive "idols," "phanthoms" of men's own imaginations, leading them through pride and ignorance to Scepticism and Atheism, of all of which Bacon has much to say. There is a second meaning in the Mantled or Black Virgin, *Neit* (or Night) of Egypt, Rali of India—Goddess of *Mystery*—worshipped in many places in France, Italy, and Germany.

† Secrets of God—see Job xv. 8, xxix. 4; Psa. xxv. 14; Prov. iii. 32; Dan. ii. 28, &c.

says, include secrets of God's will which are beyond the reaches of men's souls, and not to be too curiously pried into; nor, as *Lear* says, "may we take upon ourselves the mystery of things, as if we were God's spies." Yet it is going to the opposite extreme "to restrain lawful and natural knowledge," and to esteem every reach and depth of knowledge wherewith men's own conceits are not acquainted as too high an elevation of man's wit, and a searching and ravelling too far into God's secrets. . . . It was not that light of natural knowledge which caused man to fall; but it was an aspiring desire to dispute God's commands, and not to depend upon the revelation of His will, which was the original temptation.*

Natural Philosophy, the secrets of God, or the works of God in nature, are the *truth* about which we are now concerned; they are the truth which, under various forms and aspects, is presented to us in the works of the Baconian Rosicrucians. I will try to explain the way in which this conclusion has been reached.

Some quarter of a century ago, when trying to analyse books whose authors were said to have written them between the years 1570 and 1670, I was so struck by the similarity of the comparisons, metaphors, and "figures in all things" with which that vast and harmonious literature abounds, that I attempted to collect and reduce them to Dictionary form. The result shows plainly two points: (1) That with hardly any exception these figures and symbols are to be found in the pages both of Bacon and Shakespeare, and (2) that the science of Bacon's *prose* is distilled into the *poetry* of Shakespeare — "Truth in beauty dyed." Evidently the philosopher was resolved that the poet

* See *The Interpretation of Nature.*—Spedding Wks. iii. 219; Nov. Org. *ib.* i. 98, and ii. 28; Advt. ii. 1; De Aug. ii., to the King.

should express no axiom, opinion, or conclusion "*except it be drawn from the centre of the sciences,*" founded upon imperishable truth, and we see the result. The poetical application of *Bacon's* observations and experiments to the varied requirements of *Shakespeare* have produced a mass of similes and figurative expressions which, for more than three centuries, have proved to be the very spirit and life of our language. Unerringly true, these sayings have become "familiar in men's mouths as household words."

The highly figurative language of Bacon is no trick of style, trivial affectation, or fashion of the day as some would have us believe. It is an important element in his method of teaching, prompted, no doubt, by his poetic nature, but encouraged by the need which he found for obscurity and ambiguity of expression in his secret fraternity. Baconian symbolism throws a bright though screened light upon his aims and studies, and upon the "*certain grounds and notions*" which, according to Dr. Rawley, "he had within himself" from a very early age.

Little as we are permitted to know of his "young and childish days," this little everywhere shows him as the budding poet and philosopher, inquiring, examining, observing, dreaming; a hopeful, sensitive, studious boy, with great aspirations, who at 15 had out-stript his University tutors, and was preparing to reform their whole method of teaching. "*I am now 15,*" says the young Rosicrucian, when beginning to organise his fraternity. Later on he writes that, "feeling himself to be born for the service of mankind," he proposes to "undertake the discovery of new arts and commodities for the bettering of man's life, propagating man's empire over the universe, and conquering necessities." "Having a mind," he says, "nimble and versatile enough to catch the resemblances of things, *which is the*

chief point, and steady enough to perceive their differences," (finding myself) "gifted by nature with a desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to consider, carefulness to dispose and set in order, (*one*) that neither affects what is new (*for its novelty*), nor admires what is old (*for its antiquity*), and that hates every kind of imposture. . . . I thought that my mind had a kind of familiarity with Truth."

Everywhere we catch a reflection of the *Promus* Note, "Philosophy *begins by wondering*," and of the words of St. John (also entered in the *Promus*) with which, later on, Bacon begins his first essay—"*What is Truth?*"

To answer this wide-reaching question, we find him starting "with a firm mind and purpose to sweep away all mere theories and common notions, and to apply his understanding to a fresh examination of particulars;" and it was in no light or self-sufficient spirit that he put his hand to the work, but with a full sense of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, and of his own weakness and dependence upon God for help. In the *Promus* we find him writing down these notes, and others to the same effect: "*With God all things are possible;*" "*I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me.*" "*Touching Impossibility,*" he takes it that "all those things are to be held possible which may be done by some, though not by all, and by many together though not by one alone; and in a succession of ages though not in one man's life; and by public expense, and not by private means only." Remarks such as these give hints of the secret society which, from the age of 15, he was gradually organising. He warns his friends against being like Solomon's "slothful man, who says, There is a lion in the path;" they should rather follow the saying of Virgil—"They *find* it possible because they *think* it possible."

Francis "*Bacon*" was deeply versed in his Bible. His good puritan foster-mother, Lady Anne, had not failed in her duty, and we hardly turn a page of his works without seeing evidence that the seed sown in childhood bore fruit abundantly. "There are," he says in the *Advancement of Learning*, "Two Books of God—the Book of the Bible telling His Will, and the Book of Nature showing forth His works, and this second book is as a Key to the former." Here, then, he finds the object of his search—*A key to the true knowledge of the will and works of God.* Earthly things must be studied and made the means of raising men's minds to things heavenly, and beyond the reaches of their souls; Truth was the sovereign mistress in whose service he would spend his life, and without whom he could not live.

A little treatise* (published under a different name, but evidently from the brain, if not from the pen, of Francis St. Alban) reminds the reader at the very outset of those "Two Books of God," yet adds that there is "a Third Book" to be studied, of man's own nature ("*The Proper Study of Mankind is Man*"). This third book forms a very important part of Bacon's philosophy, but for the present we must stop short of it, and consider for a few minutes the way in which the first two books are symbolised or occultly alluded to in the works of the Baconian Renaissance.

To begin with *the paper-marks of the time* and the *double-candlesticks* which abound, especially in works treating of divinity or natural science. A candle or torch was, as we all know, an ancient type of God and of His Holy Spirit. The reverence attached to this symbol is plain from the minute details given of the candlestick of pure gold (*truth*) in the Temple of Solomon. We shall all recall many similar figures in the Old and New Testaments.

* "A Treatise of Peace and Contentment" (Pierre du Moulin).

In the *Promus* we find, "*The Spirit of a Man is the Candle of the Lord*"—a candle to be lighted, not selfishly, or for a man's own glorification, or wasted by being put under a bushel, but to be set on a high place that it may give light to others. Some curious paper-marks in old MSS. show the five mounts of knowledge, with a spire or candle crowned by a flame.

Clearly Francis turned these old symbols to his own purposes, and from about the year 1600 the candle-sticks—rarely single, but double, and joined together by bars or bands—begin to appear.

Between the ties or bands knitting together these two *candles, or books,* are the almost inevitable grapes (usually in a bunch) and other emblems—Fleur de Lis, trefoil, lotus, acorns, pearls, eggs, crescent moons, diamonds, or some such mystical allusion to the Spirit, the Soul of the world, the life-giving, inspiring principle. The candlesticks are often capped with domes or rising suns, crowns, cones, flame-shaped leaves and other emblems of the light of truth and nature conjoined and for so many ages adored by Eastern nations as the Biune God.

In a recent paper it has been stated that these figures are not candlesticks, but pillars.* This, however, is a little confusion where there should be fusion between two symbols. The pillar symbol is seldom, *if ever,* used in paper-marks, but it abounds in the title-pages of Baconian books, in symbolic pictures, monuments, memorial tablets, and so forth. The single pillar is an emblem of God; the two pillars figure God and the Holy Spirit, or Power and Life. They are by turns the *Boaz and Jachin* of Solomon's Temple and of Free-masonry, the Royal Arch, the Porch of the House of Wisdom, and anything else which may suggest an entrance to true knowledge and the strength by which

* Baconiana, April, 1907, p. 111.

it must be supported.* But although there are points of resemblance, there are also marked differences. The pillars stand apart; they are distinctly architectural, with capitals and bases, though sometimes the columns change to spires, and the bases are piles of books. Sometimes they are shown by a motto to be the "Hercules Pillars Non Ultra," noted in the *Promus*—obstacles to learning beyond which there is no sailing. Then, what have the bunches of grapes, the bottles, pots and other things to do with such pillars? though in some places we do see the vine growing on conventional designs in title-pages or on the carved wooden columns beside altars in old churches. On the other hand, the twin candlesticks, with their grapes and other emblems, make up a picture-parable intelligible to all—*the two Books of God, united and inseparable.*

Of the vessels or receptacles of man's thought, his books and libraries which are to receive and preserve the heavenly liquor of knowledge, I was afraid, when I published my pioneer chapters on this subject, to say all that I thought; but I am so no longer, for an aged and most learned German Rosicrucian—the last of his circle, and bound by no vows of secrecy—kindly visited me (shortly before his sudden death) for the express purpose of assuring me that my statements and conclusions were correct, and to exhort me (with graphic accounts of his own painful experiences) to persevere in the line of research which I had taken up.

There can be no doubt that the vessel or pot symbolises the receptacle for the celestial wine—the *San Graal*, or *Holy Grail*, of which most of us know only through Tennyson's famous poem, but which tradition

* Old Baconians may remember a paper on this subject (of the pillars, gateways, and entrance to Solomon's Temple), which was read at the Asiatic Society's rooms before the Bacon Society and illustrated by many lantern slides in 1889.

describes as the means of bringing down divine truth to mortals.

Curious marks, emblems and mystical letters in Baconian books point to a deep acquaintance with occult antiquity such as is not generally attributed to Francis St. Alban. We probably wonder how he could have attained to it, but, by enlarging the circle of reading and inquiry, and slowly, surely, adding link to link, we begin to perceive the full meaning of his devices and the sources from which he drew his knowledge and inspiration.

We learn how this "*Magus*," or magician, was able to turn, twist, combine, and (as he says) to use "*in contrary ways*" and "*for contrary purposes*" the vast multitude of similitudes which he had collected or invented "for shadowing and concealing, as well as for making things understood."

And why, we ask, were these things shadowed and concealed? As Sir Toby Belch asks (*Twelfth Night* i. 3), "*Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?*" Well might he ask that question at the present hour!

We have to remember Bacon's repeated pronouncement that his own times were gross and ignorant, bigoted and jealously suspicious of new ideas. The promulgation of his New Philosophy must be very gradual and adapted to the simplest understanding:—

> "Those that do teach young Babes
> Do it with gentle means and easy tasks."

Deeper truths were kept as things almost sacred "behind the veil," and to be shown to those only who were able to receive them.

So the infant world was taught—first, to know that there is one God, Creator of heaven and earth; then to know that the Spirit of God was breathed into the mind and heart of man and that he became "*a living*

soul." This soul, divinely inspired, was the "gift of God," for which our Francis so fervently and unceasingly prayed. Doubtless, all present know of his beautiful prayers, one of which Addison described as "the prayer of an angel." This, and that other known as "*The Writer's Prayer,*" should be familiar to all. Through them we get an insight into the depths of "that great heart of his," and we feel that in spite of all the disappointments, anxieties, and bitter injustice which he experienced, he was conscious of an answer to his petitions.

During the period unaccounted for between his leaving Cambridge and going abroad, the young Rosicrucian seems to have devoted his time to an endeavour to discover "*how God instructed the men of old.*" He seems to hint at his quest into Oriental philosophies when he says in the Rosicrucian tract that he is "*now 16 years old . . . having travelled one year alone in the East.*" That was, doubtless, *a travel in books.* Later on he says that he has "*studied all their cabalas,*" trying to retain all that is good and true and to reject all that is corrupt. He was, as we read in the Rosicrucian tract, proposing to revive "the six kings" (the dead philosophies of China, India, Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, Rome?) and to make them live and *move,* or *advance;* for when things stand still they fossilize or become corrupt, and where there is no growth or motion there is no life.

All religions are based upon the fundamental truth that there is a Supreme Creator, Governor, Father, "All-God"—eternal, wise, just, and all-pervading—and the ancients believed that He is surrounded by other gods of light and beauty, amongst whom one spirit was held pre-eminent.

A modern writer tells us that "the golden fancy of the past exhausted itself in describing the matchless

glory of this exalted being. She was the virgin of ineffable loveliness—the *Logos*, Word of God—by whose intermediate agency the whole spiritual and material universe was fashioned, developed, beautified and preserved."

No wonder that this Divine Spirit (the second Person in the Trinity as it was revealed to man) should be found under so many different names and diverse attributes throughout the mythologies, philosophies, and creeds of the world.* The worship of East seems long to have rested in the contemplation and adoration of the Biune God.

> "*Creator Spirit* by whose aid
> The world's foundations first were laid,"

as we sing in our hymn at Whitsuntide.

The form of early religion was the passive or contemplative form of which *Bacon* speaks. It was doubtless a part of divine wisdom to begin the teaching of the mind in its infancy by inclining it to *think*. But by degrees we see that these beautiful and poetical contemplations crystallised or froze into torpor. Then, for hundreds of years, came lights into this darkness—prophets, preachers, heroes, teachers, proclaiming the coming of One who would teach, not by precept only, but also by example, to join high thought to noble action, and to live and die, not to themselves but for others. From the advent of Christ no new types or symbols have been grafted into religious teaching or ceremonial. The old ones sufficed and have been used ever since. It is well to know what "Bacon" says about them.

"The most ancient times (except that which is preserved of them in the Scriptures) are buried in oblivion and silence. To that silence succeeded the Fables of the Poets, and to those Fables the written records which

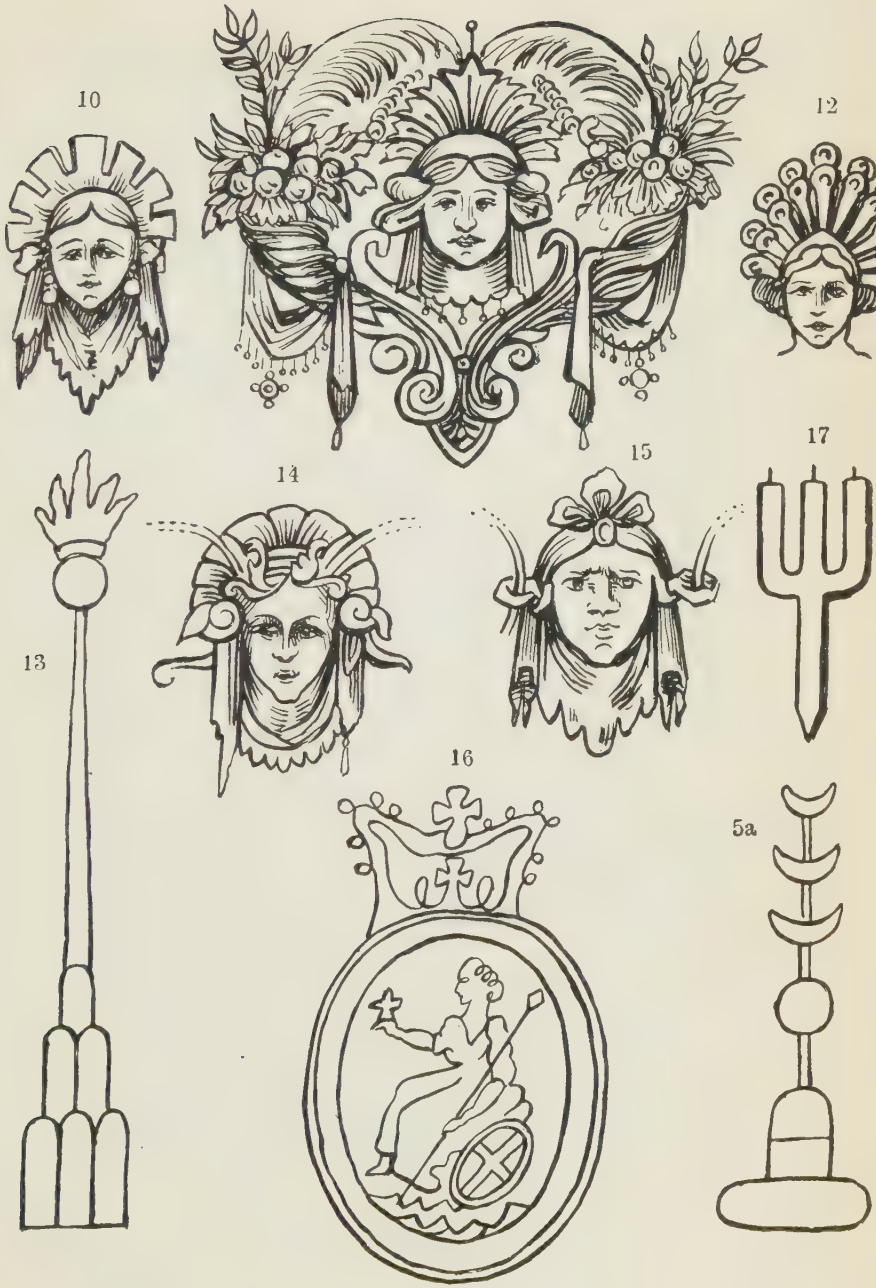
* I have collected and tabulated upwards of 360 of these names and symbols. There are probably many more.

have come down to us. Thus between the hidden depths of Antiquity and the days of tradition . . . that followed, there is drawn a veil, as it were, of fables which come in and occupy the middle region between what has perished and what survives."

He vindicates his new, and of course *unpopular* opinions, and maintains the use of similitudes, even "*in contrary ways and for contrary purposes,*" in order "to make difficult things easy to rude and vulgar understandings." . . . "As Hieroglyphicks came before Letters, so Parables came before Arguments; and even now if anyone wish to let new light in on any subject into men's minds without offence or harshness, he must go on in the same way and call in the aid of similitudes."

We may, therefore, return with all confidence to a study of the hieroglyphics and similitudes which smile at us from every Baconian page. We know for certain that these form part of his method, and that if our minds are not too rude and vulgar we shall be able to interpret and learn from them the many contrary ways and purposes to which he applied his similitudes of "*Earth and Heaven mingled;*" of *man* in the image of God, gifted with *reason;* of nature and art, poetry and philosophy, divinity and natural science, and "Truth in Beauty dyed." In the watermarks such ideas are suggested by the two candlesticks, bound together in the headlines by the two-handled pots, in the title pages by the two pillars, spires or cones.

Rosicrucian poems and tales reproduce the same thoughts in allegories of the "Marriage of Truth and Beauty"—in the wooing of the fair lady—the love of a humble knight for an ideal princess—and kindred themes. The form varies, but the underlying thought remains the same. This is not the place for analysis, but be sure that these statements are not rashly made.



13 10–15, Vignettes, etc., 1600 and later. Head of Truth.
16, Paper Mark, modern foolscap.
17, Trident Candle burnt at Christmas in Sweden.

Read the boyish allegory called "Pembroke's," or "Sidney's" *Arcadia*. Through it runs a thread of thought such as this: Strephon is heavy, and mourning for the sight of the fair *Urania* (*heavenly wisdom*). In departing "she has printed the Farewell of all Beauty;" to love and admire her exalts the hearts of men; her glory, like the sun, dazzles mortal eyes unable to endure it; but love of her lifts men above the ordinary level, and "Experience is grounded upon Feeling."

Again, *Pamela** (*heavenly mystery*) is addressed as "the Fair and Virtuous Lady in whom Truth makes up a part with her Beauty, and her Noble Thoughts;" and the noble Amphialus, writing verses in praise of his mistress, says:—

> "Her *Gifts* my study was, Her *Beauties* were my sport,
> My work her *Works* to know, her *Dwelling my resort.*"

Here in two lines we have the *gifts*, the *works*, the *beauty*, and even the *dwelling* of the Holy Spirit, the *El-Issa-Beth*, temple of wisdom, palace of truth, of which we have so often had occasion to speak. Here is indeed "*a sweet consent of all those graces, gifts, the heavens ever lent.*" Her attire and peerless parts of beauty, her eyes, the sum of sight, her fairness excelling orient pearls, her amber crown, all are noted, and the poet adds:—

> "*Mira* I *admired:* her shape sunk in my breast,"

showing that "*Mira*" is, like *Miranda* of the "*Tempest,*" the new philosophy or study of nature, "top of *Admiration*"—beauty and truth *wondering*; for *Bacon* notes that "*all philosophy begins in wondering,*" and Miranda exclaims:

> "*O wonder!*
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beautous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!"

* "Pam-mela," the Black Virgin, the Holy Spirit in one of her aspects, the Egyptian Neit or Night.

These words from "*Arcadia*" and the "*Tempest*," find an echo in the song in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

> Who is Sylvia? What is she
> That all our swains commend her?
> *Holy, fair, and wise* is she,
> The *Heaven such grace did lend her*
> That she might *admired* be.

See how in the "Faery Queen" the poet appeals in his argument or preface to the same "Goddess Heavenly Bright," "Mirror of Grace and Majesty Divine," "Great Lady of the Greatest Isle,"* whose light shines throughout the world. He implores her to shed her fair beams into his feeble eyes, *to raise his thoughts* (as, in the *Arcadia, Urania* or heavenly Wisdom is said to raise them), thoughts too humble to be able to think of her glorious type, "*Una*" *or Unity* in holiness, which is to be the theme of the whole poem. (Remember now the *bands* which knit together in unity the candles or lights of God's will and His Word).

If we turn to *Spenser's* shorter pieces, say the *Epithalamion,* "Set forth as a *Bridal Song*;" if we read the *Hymns* "*of Beauty*" and "*of Heavenly Beauty,*" or the Sonnets or "*Amoretti*" called "*Spenser's,*" what do we find but allegories of the *marriage of Truth and Beauty,* all one, ever the same?—poems of the Dawn of the Renaissance, with detailed descriptions of the beauties of the new philosophy which might well have come from "*Mr. Francis Bacon's Speech in Praise of the Queen,*" or from the "*Shakespeare Sonnets,*" or from any masque, play, or allegory of the time. It would take too long to enter into a due comparison and collation of passages now, but read Bacon's "*Praise,*" "Shakespeare's" Sonnet CXXX., and "Spenser's" Hymns, his

* The Island of the Blessed. The Throne of God surrounded by the Waters of Life.

verses to "*Sapience*" and his "*Amoretti*"* and you will recognise the voice which sings for ever of truth or heavenly wisdom and "*sounds her praises everywhere.*" You will find again the same epithets, the same attributes, details, and general descriptions; not all everywhere, but interchanged and mingled in such a way as to assure anyone who is at the pains to write out and compare passages that they all spring from the same fountain. Here are some of the chief points taken from the *Praise of the Queen* and Sonnets:

1. "Of her gait." Stately, queenly, like a goddess.
2. "Of her voice." Sweet beyond the voice of a mortal.
3. "Of her eye." Cheerful and sparkling; often grey or blue.
4. "Of her colour." Red and white. Rose, lily, blushing, pale.
5. "Of her neck." Rosy (alluding to the emblem); but Bacon seems to have felt the comparison inappropriate, and changes it to alabaster, ivory, lilies, snow.
6. "Of her hair and breath." Sweet smelling. Her hair also golden, black, amber, &c.

In the Shakespeare Sonnet 130 we again find the gait of the goddess, the music of her voice, the brightness of her eyes, the sweetness which pervades her, the blackness of her hair, snowy whiteness of her skin, red of her lips and cheeks.

"Coral is far more red than her lips' red."

We wonder at the simile until we find that the *coral,*† or *stone in the waters,* is the Word of God, Voice of the Spirit, initiation, grace; and so of all the other attributes of the spirit of life and light.

That some of the Sonnets were used, as is said, for compliments or tributes to Queen Elizabeth is no

* Especially ix., xv., lxiv., and lxxxiv.

† See Lucio's description of his love.—*Tam. Shrew* I. i. 174-176.

doubt true. Her vanity was such that she would receive them as her due, and the more high-flown the better. Yet it is inconceivable that this was their true purpose. For

> *"Fair, kind and true is all the Argument*
> *Fair, kind and true varying to other words,*
> *And in this change is my invention spent,"*
> *Three themes in One, which wondrous scope affords*
> *Fair, kind and true, have often liv'd alone,*
> *Which Three, till now, never kept seat in One.*

We have been treating only of *two themes—truth and beauty*—the "true" and "fair." What then is the third theme which came later into the world's great song? It is whispered to us in the word "KIND," three times inserted between the other two. For the profound significance of that dear and familiar word we must go back to its very roots, and learn its connection with *child, kindred,* and all things most *natural and harmonious* in life. We must remember Shakespeare's saying, "One touch of *Nature* makes the whole world *kin*." We must look to that spirit of love and active beneficence which is the child of truth and beauty, but which "*never kept seat in One,*" never was fully recognised and welcomed by mankind, until the angels' song proclaimed:—

> "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth *Peace,*
> *Good-will to all men.*"

This third theme is beyond our present scope; it is the crowning glory in "Bacon's" teaching. But let us return for a few minutes to the symbols and emblematic figures of truth which abound in our books. Sometimes we see Truth as the Matron, her head partly veiled or mantled, alluding to the mystery or darkness which shrouds the "secrets of God." Or Truth is crowned with the battlements of a fortress or tower; or, like the Indian Parvati, she wears a wreath of acanthus (type of

god); or, like the Olympian Juno, her head-dress is of peacock's feathers, symbol of the All-Seeing.

The symbolic branches of palm and olive, the lotus and the conventional amaranth, wings, pearls, cornucopia or baskets of flowers and fruits (chiefly apples and pomegranates), and other emblems of life, wisdom and heavenly beauty, are found in the ingenious and well-considered designs of the Rosicrucian engravers. There is no detail introduced which has not a well-defined meaning and place in "Bacon's" code and method of instruction.

Then there is the paper-mark now well-known to Baconians, formerly considered to be a mere trade-mark of the paper-makers, and intended to represent Britannia; probably it also does so, although we know that this is an example of the "ambiguities" extensively employed by *Bacon* and his followers, and the symbol is now known to us as a representation of the *Sovereign Lady*, "*Mistress of the Isles*," or "*Islands of the Blessed*," the Eastern Paradise of happy spirits. We see her enthroned on the waters (most ancient emblem of the Spirit of God), bearing in her hand a spear tipped with a diamond (emblems of penetrative wisdom and truth); or sometimes with a fleur-de-lis trefoil or lotus. On her head truth wears a string of five pearls (the microcosm or "Little World of Man"*), or of seven pearls (the seven parts of knowledge), the details varying with the firms which manufacture the paper. Beside the throned truth is her shield, usually bearing the Rosicrucian square cross. The whole design is enclosed, as is the shield, in an elipse or oval form—the world or mundane egg, a form of great importance and meaning in Rosicrucian symbolism.

At the time when I spoke of these things years ago, I

* Five also means the Soul of the World, Light, Life, and the Five Points of Fellowship in Masonry.

made the mistake of thinking that the design on our national penny had no connection with the paper-mark, because in specimens of the mark collected up to that time truth bore neither helmet nor trident as Britannia does when occupied in ruling the waves. Moreover, Britannia on the penny has upon her shield, or target, the Union Jack—the mingled crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. I thought, therefore, that the two emblems were distinct; but recant, having found variations in the marks which bring them into harmony with the coin. In one of these, Truth wears the helmet of Britannia or of Minerva, goddess of truth; and mystery or concealment is continually expressed in Rosicrucian or masonic designs by the helmet of Pluto.

It was a shock to me when (in a book printed, I think, in Holland) I came upon a similar paper-mark of truth; but the figure is of *a man* bearing a trident instead of a spear or sceptre—evidently *Neptune*; and what has he to do with truth? I tried to persuade myself that the man might be "that old arbitrator, Time," "the old Justice who," as Bacon and Shakespeare agree, "examines all." But this was not satisfactory, so I inquired into the character and antecedents of Neptune, and recovered my spirits on discovering that he was not really a *god*, but a *goddess* in disguise; for in ancient mythology the same idea appears in many forms, often with the same attributes and meanings, even with change of sex and with names a little altered. The spirit as a rule is feminine.* Thus we can trace Neptunus or Neptune back to the Egyptian Nepthys, Nepht, Nept, "goddess of the waters." She is, Plutarch tells us, the same as *Aphrodite*, also the sacred spirit of the waters. Let me show you something which

* Compare—"*A soul feminine*, saluteth thee" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii.), "*My brain* I'll prove the *female* to my soul," &c. (*Rich. II.* V. iv. 1—4).

has greatly interested me and which affords another instance of the harmony and *unity* in fundamental truths to be seen in all forms of true religion.

Here is a *triple-candle*, brought by a kind friend from Norway, and which I am told is used in all the "*water-countries*" of the North. It is intended to be burnt at Christmas, and is believed to bring blessings upon the family and houshold in which this trinity of light is shed.

So the analogy is made clear between this figure and the "lady of the waters," between the three-pointed sceptre or trident of Nept and the spear which Minerva bears, and which gave her the name of *Pallas*, "because" (says a Rosicrucian writer) "*she vibrates a javelin.*" Is this a sly hint that Truth or Wisdom *Shakes a spear?*

Feeling the sad inadequacy and imperfection of this paper, may I yet hope that it may serve to draw more attention to *Bacon's* "Figures in all things," and to the wonderful skill and ingenuity with which he contrived to impart and popularise the "new philosophy" which, in the teeth of opposition, he was setting forth. In his repeated appeal to the *young* men of his day, his "*Sons of Aurora*," "*Sons of Science*," there is, I think, an allusion to the kind of study which he proposed for his "*Speculative Masons.*"

"If Time," he says, "be regarded, primæval Antiquity is an object of the highest veneration; if the form of exposition, Parable has ever been a kind of Ark, in which the most precious portions of sciences were deposited; if the matter of the work, it is Philosophy, the *Second Grace and Ornament of Life, and of the Human Soul.* For, be it said, that however Philosophy in this our age, falling as it were into Second Childhood, be left to young men, and almost to boys, yet I hold it to be of all things, *next to Religion*, the most important, and most worthy of Human Nature."

Elsewhere he declares that, *since without philosophy he cares not to live,* he turns to his "Nursing Mother, the University of Cambridge, hoping that the learned there may profit by his labours, and urging that *Speculative Studies* when transplanted into Active Life, acquire new Grace and Vigour, and, having more matter to feed them, strike their roots deeper and grow taller and more full-leaved."

And so I end much where I began, and express my own belief that the *Sovereign Mistress* whom Francis St. Alban would woo and win, the *fair and glorious lady* of the "Shakepeare Sonnets;" the *goddess heavenly bright, majesty divine, great lady of the greatest isle* and *Gloriana* of the "*Faery Queene;*" the "*Beauty Sovereign*" and '*Queen*" of Spenser's poem, *Sapience,* and of the *Amoretti;* the *Euterpe* and *Aletheia* of the Rosicrucian allegories; the *Urania, Philoclea,* and *Stella* of "Pembroke's Arcadia;"* Cowley's "*Mistress,*" Davies's *Theophila,* the fair ladies and beauties, in short, of the best Elizabethan literature, are all one—*Truth,* spiritual and material. Heaven and earth mingled. They re-echo the *Song of Solomon* and the *Convito* of Dante through the voice of Francis St. Alban.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

* See Zelmane's Song, Arcadia, Bk. ii.

Memoriæ

HAVILAND'S HEADPIECE TO THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

TO the title-page of the poems in honour of the memory of Francis Bacon, first issued from the printing press of John Haviland in 1626 (welcome translations of which have been recently appearing in BACONIANA), there is a headpiece,* which both interests and puzzles me greatly, though perhaps its explanation is quite simple to those more expert than I am in this kind of archæology. This being so, I would ask permission to draw attention to it in the pages of BACONIANA, in the hope that such explanation may be forthcoming.

Meanwhile, I have thought that my own unaided surmises about its meaning (for I suppose all such designs as these which were not purely ornamental, had a meaning), though, perhaps, all wrong, might be interesting to those to whose superior knowledge I appeal.

Naturally, finding this piece affixed to a collection of poems all commemorative of the genius and work of Francis Bacon, my idea was that whatever symbolism there might be in the scroll would have a bearing on these points, and this preconception may have led me all

* Reproduced above.—ED.

astray. Nevertheless, as I have said, my errors may, if only from a psychological point of view, be of some interest.

In the first place, then, duplicated in the usual way in the scroll, is a figure of what appears to me the head of a sea-monster, such as one sees depicted on ancient maps and charts on the surface of unexplored or imaginary seas; or it may be a rude representation of Triton with his horn. If so, as the trumpeter of Neptune, the figure of this demi-god, who

> "*Fama viros animo insignes, preclaraque gesta*
> *Prosequitur*" . . .

would not be out of place on any treatise laudatory of Bacon. There may also be a subtle suggestion of the ocean depths—"Deeper than did ever plummet sound"—in which (if some of our speculations are correct) the prototype of the wizard of *The Tempest* had "buried his *book*," while, immediately above these mysterious figures, is placed (in duplicate) "the amaranthine flower of faith"—a flower which, according to Pliny, neither withers or fades ("*numquam siccetur neque marcescat*") and which, therefore, has ever been regarded as the emblem of immortality.

In the very earliest times the plant had this signification. Blossoms of it were placed upon the tombs of heroes, and I have a picture now before me of Thetis so decorating the tomb of her beloved Achilles, as illustrating the following lines of the poet:—

> "Æacidæ tumulum Rhœteo in littore cernis,
> Quem plerumque pedes visitat alba Thetis.
> Obtegitur semper viridi lapis hic *amarantho*,
> Quod numquam herois sit moriturus honos."

Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum" (512) refers to the plant, which he describes as "blood-red, stalk and leaf and all."

The next most prominent figure on the scroll is that

of a boy—a winged boy—who, at first glance, might be taken for Cupid. But he has no bow, and the weapon he holds in his hand is not an arrow but a *spear*. And this weapon, when one comes to look carefully, is directed downwards towards what is seen to be a snake or serpent, also winged, but coiled round a bough with its head downwards and apparently attacking the boy's foot. Well, what have we here? Is all this mere ornamentation or is it symbolism? If the latter, can the "boy" be the "youth" of the Sonnets—the personification (according to some) of the genius of the author—and can the "spear" in his hand be the "lance" which, in the words of Jonson's Dedicatory Lines in the Folio, "he brandished at the eyes of Ignorance?" It is true that here the object aimed at is not literally the "eyes of Ignorance," but the figure of a serpent, usually considered the emblem of wisdom. But according to the good authority of Alciatus (*De Emblematis*, p. 429, Ed. 1581), that creature is also the symbol of Dialectics or Logic—the barren philosophy of the schools, "*inutilis ad principia invenienda*," as Bacon pronounced it, to overthrow which was the chief mission to which the great Reformer devoted himself. This may be mere fancy, but it seems to my, as yet uninformed, intelligence not unwarranted.

Then, down below, seated on the branch of the tree stem which forms the body of pictorial design, is a squirrel, also, of course, in duplicate. Why is he here? Well, I find this little rodent, which hibernates, and whose name is traced back through the Latin and Greek to Sanscrit words signifying "tail-covered" or "shadowed," described by a French lexicographer* as "*l'animal qui se cache volontiers*," or, as I might say, which hides himself behind a screen which is part of himself (a description exactly fitting the habits of

* Larousse, "Grand Dictionnaire," art. Ecureuil.

Bacon). What wonder, then, to find him figuring in a design intended as the decoration of pages devoted to the praise of one who said of "secrecy" that it was both "useful and admirable," and who practised it in all things to the extent even, as some think, of self-effacement? The squirrel, moreover, is represented as eating a nut—"*fruit à enveloppe dure*" (as my French lexicographer well says of it) "*qui ne l'ouvre point à la maturité.*" We all know the squirrel's habit of storing away this fruit. Have we here any subtle reference to the stores of knowledge which our great philosopher-poet left as a legacy to future ages? I do not know, but should like to have some opinion.

Lastly, I see in the centre of the picture, not duplicated, but common to both halves, the face—the beautiful face—of a lady. Is this the "Lady" of the Sonnets—the Muse, as some think, of Poesy, who bewitched the great philosopher and lawyer, beguiling him from severer pursuits, and whom he was obliged to woo in secret? And are the triple fishes suspended below, which the author I have before cited* tells me were the emblems of effeminacy and pleasure—"*mollities et voluptas*"—indicative of the delights which she dangled before him and which she alone could bestow? Again I say I cannot tell, but should like enlightenment.

Meanwhile, if I am right in my interpretation, it seems to me that we have here in this remarkable piece of symbolism a very exact compendium or "argumentum," in allegory, of the Baconian contention at the present time.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

Middle Temple Library.

* Alciatus *De Emblematis*, p. 413.

THE GRAVE'S TIRING-ROOM AND SONNET 68

IN the April issue of BACONIANA Mr. J. E. Roe, from South-Lima, N.Y., gives an interesting examination of the last introductory poem in the Great Folio, and very appropriately quotes from Bacon's "*Historia Vitae et Mortis*," "Augustus' Plaudite," etc. The most conclusive argument, however, is drawn from Bacon's letter addressed to Gondomar (1621), written in Latin, which reads as follows: *Me vero iam vocat et aetas et fortuna atque etiam Genius meus cui adhuc satis morose satisfeci, ut excedens e teatro rerum civilium literis me dedam et ipsos actores instruam et posteritati serviam. Id mihi fortasee honori erit et degam tanquam in atriis vitae melioris.* (My age and fortune, as well as my Genius, to which I have done hitherto but scant justice, urge me that after quitting the stage of political affairs, I should devote myself to letters and instruct the veritable actors. These pursuits will perhaps yield me honour, and while doing so I shall pass awhile, as it were, in the vestibule of the better life).

The introductory poem mentioned above, which cannot be too often repeated, is as follows:—

> We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou wentst so soon
> From the world's stage to the grave's tiring room;
> We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
> Tells thy spectators that thou wentst but forth
> To enter with applause. An actor's art
> Can die and live to act a second part;
> *That's* but an exit of mortality,
> *This* a re-entrance to a plaudite.

Only two interpretations of this poem are possible. When brought in relation to the actor-manager Shaksper (or Shaxper), there arises at once a glaring contradiction in it. According to the Century Dictionary, a tiring-room

is a room where the players dress for the stage. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* (III. i. 4), f. i. we read: "This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn brake our tiring-room." Ben Jonson says: "I was awhile in the tiring-room to see the actors dressed." So the *grave's* tiring-room (or tiring-house) can only mean a room or the abode where the "poet," after quitting the world's stage, stays for awhile to await the moment when (like an actor in the tiring-room) he is called upon to play "his last part," namely, to die. And can we say that the stage-manager Shaxper, who retired to Stratford probably in 1604, *i.e.*, nineteen years before the writing of this poem, was leaving the "World's Stage," *to prepare for death?* Was he not rather employed with worldly concerns, with money-making, until he died in 1616 with scarce any voice of praise or lament? In no way the actor or stage-keeper Shaxper can be said to have occupied any eminent place on the "World's Stage," in its pregnant sense. If we take it in a general sense, as the poet elsewhere says: "All the world's a stage where every man must play a part," the poem may have been addressed to anyone else who was not necessarily an actor. Shaxper quitted the world's stage, in this sense, in 1616, and was buried at once, without making a transient stay in "grave's tiring-room." And yet the "poet's" friends say in 1623: "We thought thee dead," which implies, as a matter of fact, that he was not dead.

Quite strikingly, on the other hand, the whole poem is in keeping with what we know about Bacon, and with his letter addressed to Gondomar in 1621. People were surprised when, in April, 1621, after only four years of Lord Keepership, as England's highest statesman, Bacon was suddenly called from the "Stage," and, as the scapegoat for the mistakes of the King and Buckingham, even banished the City for a time. Some people, pro-

bably, considered Bacon quite dejected or ill after this "exit" from London. He then seemed to be "dead" for the world, as "dead" as in 1590, when Spenser, in "Colin Clout's Home Again," wrote of him :—

"Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late,"

while then "that same gentle spirit, with his pen flowing of honey and sweet nectar, was sitting in idle cell, cogitating in study." So also in the years 1621—1623 Bacon was very active in his Gorhambury Tusculum.

And he who goes from the "Stage" like Bacon is most suitably called "an actor," quite in the sense in which Bacon speaks of himself in his letter to Gondomar as leaving the "world's theatre." In this letter Bacon speaks besides of his "Genius," to whom he has hitherto neglected giving what was due to him, viz., Immortality. And what was he actually doing? He instructed the *true actors* or dramatists, finishing and bequeathing to them his "long prepared" collection of plays, or the "*Tractatus ad populum*," as Mr. Edwin Reed has suggested. He gives the world that "monument without a tomb," spoken of by Ben Jonson, "which is to be made of the poet's gentle verse" (Sonnet 81). It is that monument of which R. P. speaks in the fourth elegy of the *Manes* :—

Dum noster heros traderet scientias
Aeternitati, prorsus expeditior
Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex,

i.e., with even greater expedition than he published his scientific works, did he make himself known to the world as the architect of his own sepulchre.

With this "jewel" bequeathed to the dramatists as a guide to them or a radiating light from "the Star of Poets," with "this printed worth" the actual poet, Shake-speare, reminded the world, his spectators or ad-

mirers, of his being still alive. When saying: "We thought thee dead," at least some of them knew quite well that he was not dead, but that he was preparing that great work without which his plays would have been forgotten, lost to posterity. And exactly as a true play-actor may, by virtue of his gift, first play the part of "being killed," and notwithstanding re-enter alive for a second "plaudite," in a different part, so our "poet," after he was preparing his re-entrance in the "tiring-room" (*in atriis vitae melioris*), makes his re-entrance with general applause. The rest of the poem is clear enough by itself. Bacon's sudden exit from the "Stage" was seemingly an exit from mortality (*aus dieser Zeitlichkeit*, as we would say in German); the re-entrance, two years later, was a joyful surprise still "here," this side the grave (*noch im Diesseits*).

When two literary documents as here, in our case, the congratulatory poem by I. M. and Bacon's letter to Gondomar, are so strikingly correlative or reciprocally supplementary, the joint evidence ought to be considered as conclusive, as a *primâ facie* evidence. Where so much direct evidence of truth emanates directly from the literary side of the controversy we ought not to hunt after some superfluous corroboration by cipher. Only a truly scientific method which commends itself to everybody's reason, will in the end lead the "ever-reader" to see distinctly who was the "never-writer," and who was "the ever-living poet."

The Sonnet 68, added by J. A. Roe, in favour of his argument, hardly has any direct bearing on it. But I was struck when, after a long lapse of time, I read over again the group of Sonnets beginning with No. 62 or 63. A situation is described in them which unmistakably resembles the situation of Prospero in *The Tempest*, and I feel tempted to submit my hypothesis in this matter to the criticism of expert Baconians. When in

The Tempest (Act iv., sc. 1) the masque is coming to a close, towards the end of the graceful dance of the Nymphs, when on a sudden a hollow and confused noise is heard, *i.e.*, the dissatisfied clamours of a rebellious mob, Prospero starts abruptly, and speaks aside :—

> I had forgot that foul conspiracy
> Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
> Against my life.

Ferdinand is astonished to see Prospero "in a passion that works him so strangely," and Miranda answers :—

> Never till this day
> Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Immediately afterwards, when "the actors are melted into thin air," Prospero pronounces the famous apostrophe :—

> And like the baseless fabric of this vision, etc.

After which he says to Ferdinand :—

> Sir, I am vexed ;
> Bear with my *weakness*, my old brain is troubled,
> A turn or two I'll walk—to still my beating mind.

And when the varlets, "crying for liberty," are hunted soundly, he puts on his "magic robe" for the last time.

We ought to observe that there are two sorts of enemies to Prospero, and that they are treated in two different ways. Caliban and his vulgar, low-minded fellows are pinched with bodily pain (not exactly whipped), in order to reduce them to obedience and to reason. The others, being high-placed, illustrious persons, are cured by "inward pinches" to make them feel their wrong. Thus, making use of the *prudentia and indulgentia* spoken of in "*Cogitata et Visa*" (Vol. III., p. 619), Prospero, in order to work his end, brings his high-born antagonists back to reason "by

repentance and heart's sorrow." And "Time," who is to "preserve and bear" Bacon's great ideas, "goes upright with his carriage." Prospero's "charms crack not; his project gathers to a head."

According to Verity, the causes of Prospero's sudden emotion are twofold: (1) all his efforts to reform Caliban have proved vain. That thought (*not any fear*) touched him. (2) His reflections on life in general must have reminded him of his own life in particular, and of all the wrongs he had endured unjustly. The sting of these wrongs lay less in the suffering they had caused him than in the regret that his fellow-creatures could fall so low to inflict them. I take this reasoning of Verity's to be a spider-woven speculation, lightly built on the stage-keeper Shaxper, about whose dealings in life we know too much to admit him to be capable of any such deep-felt, philosophical reasoning, of any such ethical sentiments, whilst in the plays and in the Sonnets nearly every line betrays powerful personal feelings, and indicates a wonderful perceptivity and idiosyncrasy. Prospero's emotion was quite that sort of anguish and agony which the actual poet reveals in the group of Sonnets beginning with No. 62 or 63.

There we find exposed, exactly as in *The Tempest*, first the poet's thought about the instability of all earthly things, his anxiety as to the continuance "of his work," then the cogitation and intuition of some imminent danger threatening his "innocent love," his "guileless genius." This is the position also in *The Tempest*. Prospero, after his reflections on the instability of all earthly things, thinking of what will become of his newly-married child, is suddenly moved *by some near, imminent peril*. To become aware of this, we ought to remember the dialogue of Prospero and Caliban, Act i., sc. 2 (which we generally do not read in our school-editions), where Prospero says:—

I lodged thee
In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Whereupon Caliban * replies:—

O ho, O ho!—would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

By a transitory thought of some such surprise, of a possible victory of the Caliban rebellion, Prospero's (the poet's, *i.e.* Bacon's) mind is really troubled for a short time. Like the poet of the Sonnets mentioned above, Prospero, thinking of the frailty and decay of all earthly things, wishes to see his work, his dear "love, fortified against confounding age, against Time's cruel knife." Though Time's fell hand defaces brass and stone, the beauty "of his love," *i.e.*, his book of poetry, will still shine bright, shall "*as a miracle*" continue living through ages; "*in black ink*," like the verse of Homer. For when palaces, temples, castles, cities, etc., are decayed and demolished (as Bacon says in the close of "Advancement"), the images of men's wits remain in books, exempted from the wrongs of Time, "generating still, and being capable of perpetual renovation,"

* I should like to call the attention of my esteemed brother-Baconians to a suggestion of Professor Konrad Meier's, at Dresden. In a contribution about *The Tempest*, to the *Dresden Anzeiger*, of July, 1906, the professor reproduces a curious wood-cut from the *Fischbuch* of Konrad Gessner, who was a famous philosopher and physician at Zurich (1564). Under the name of "*Meerbischof*, or *Episcopus marinus*=seabishop," there is represented, by this cut, a fish-like creature, standing on two legs like a man, which seems to portray the prototype of "Caliban." There we see graphically represented the original which the poet probably had in mind when he "shaped" Caliban: "The plain fish; legged like a man; with fins like arms; with long nails." And Master Trinculo's nose very promptly discovers "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

even "in tongues to be, when all the breathers of this (=present) world are dead, and when the poet himself, once gone, to all the world must die" (Sonnet 81):—

> *There* his verse shall live
> Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men.

Being alternately alarmed and relieved by the thought that the works of man are doomed to ruin, but that the monuments of Wit and Learning are more durable than the monuments of Power or of hand; the poet of the Sonnets (like Prospero, whom Miranda never till this day saw with anger so distempered), is still more troubled by some *present*, imminent evils (Sonnet 66). What if his "love" were to be infected, polluted by this "ill-natured Time, when Nature bankrupt is?"—if his "love," his dear child, were defiled, contaminated and deprived of its primitive, matchless beauty, as Miranda might perchance be by the monster Caliban? Some such thought keeps running in the poet's mind in the Sonnet 68, in which he complains (in the language of Bassanio) "of these false ornaments of Time, when outward shows are least themselves, when every vice assumes some mark of virtue." What horror and dismay if, by a premature death, he were to leave behind him alone, in such a wicked world, Miranda, his love, so simple, so guileless, as innocent as an angel? And is not she, as it were, a "map," or a table of primitive, paradise-like purity, a model or prototype of true art? What is to become of her when quite defenceless left behind in a world "where simple truth is called simplicity?" So, in contradiction to Verity, we hold that "*fear*" was the cause of Prospero's sudden emotion. It is striking, no doubt, to see ever-recurring in the poet's mind that same flow of thought about his Genius, and about immortality, which we find

in "Advancement of Learning," in the Sonnets, in *The Tempest*, in the letter to Gondomar.

Whenever we earnestly try to interpret Shake-speare according to a set method, fully convinced that Bacon *is* Shakespeare, we are sure to stand on firm ground, for Bacon-Shakespeare's work is one throughout and all of a piece. If once we come to understand that the final victory of "humanity" and true natural science (*i.e.*, the happy union of Miranda with Ferdinand) was the be-all and end-all of Bacon's endeavours, then we shall begin to realize that his greatest care must have been by every means to see "his dearest love saved through age's steepy night."

GUST. HOLZER.

Heidelberg.

REVIEWS

The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight—Bacon's Alter Ego. By his kinsman, Arnold Harris Mathew. (London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.; 12s. nett.)

THE volume before us affords evidence that public interest in matters Baconian continues to grow in spite of the sneers of the orthodox Shakespeareans.

The life and achievements of Matthew in their essential aspect are too remote from present-day events and interests to excite more than a very slight amount of notice in any minds but those of the antiquarian and the zealous Roman Catholic. For to what work did Matthew devote his life? Mainly to that of watching the interests of his co-religionists and to making proselytes. In spite of some evidence to the contrary, we are bound to regard him as, on the whole, a sincere and virtuous man; but his special work, and even his trials and adventures in pursuit of what he regarded as his duty, appeal very slightly to this age of *laissez faire* in matters of religion. However, it was Matthew's fortune to become intimate with the man whom we are gradually recognising as the greatest mind of the age, and it is seen that for this reason his life-story was worth writing.

The author has been at considerable pains to collect his material, and furnishes us with a thoroughly readable book, embellished with illustrations that reproduce the portraits of some of the most notable persons referred to in the text.

The Name of William Shakespeare. A Study in Orthography. By John Louis Haney. (Philadelphia: The Egerton Press.)

THIS small volume quotes most of the contemporary records of the spelling of the name "Shakespeare," as well as the forms of the name used by very many subsequent critics and authors. The writer shows incidentally that Dr. Murray in his Dictionary is at variance with his own publishers in his preference for the spelling "Shakspere."

Professor Haney displays a thorough knowledge of his subject and is not afraid to refer to the views of Edwin Reed and other Baconian authors, although he is evidently unconvinced by their reasoning. He appears to prefer the form "Shakespeare," in common with the majority of literary men, while he quotes Dr. Furnivall's somewhat pathetic appeal in favour of the spelling "Shakspere," as the form used by the "poet" himself in the signatures which have come down to us.

Baconians have not much concern with this kind of tabulated information, where most of the writers ignore what we regard as the essential factor in the case; but there is one point which may be new to some of us, as it is not commonly referred to in Baconian books, and that is that the spelling "Shakespeare" is used in the epitaph of the actor's widow at Stratford.

E. B. L.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

Baconian Ciphers

THE antagonisms of Baconians are deplorable. One noted American author pities those who believe that Queen Elizabeth was not a virgin; another, who finds in the head-pieces of early plays printed in 1594 and later—namely, "The Taming of a Shrew: The First Part of the Contention," etc., and "King Richard II."—capital Script letters of the name Bacon, has characterised the eleven hundred pages of Dr. Owen's "Cipher Story" as "stuff;" and yet on page 26 of the "Cipher Story" he will find these words:—"We make at least twenty repetitions of the ways for finding out the letters. . . . We have enclosed our own name, without regard to safety in the different texts, in such capital letters that, as the prophet saith, 'He that runneth may read.'"

Those capital letters, in Script form, are evidently what were discovered by the author alluded to, who, in a private letter, calls the cipher story "stuff" and who also denounces the Donnelly cipher.

Unbiassed experts have certified to the Owen cipher as true, and every sentence of it, we are assured, has been extracted from the open and secret works of Lord Bacon.

In regard to the Donnelly cipher, I listened to a lecture in 1893 by George S. Boutwell, ex-Senator and ex-Cabinet member, on the Bacon-Shakespeare question. Incidentally he said he had detected a vital error in Mr. Donnelly's figures at the outset. Mr. Boutwell had counted the words in the Folio in the First Part of *Henry IV.*, page 53, and he found Mr. Donnelly's count to the word Bacon one word too many, and he said that an expert, to whom he had submitted the case, had confirmed his count.

On returning home I counted the words in my "Reduced Facsimile," and it agreed with that of Mr. Boutwell. But on a re-count from Mr. Donnelly's facsimile in larger print, I found that Mr. Boutwell, his expert and myself, had mistaken the word "Infaith" at the beginning of the fourth line as two words; that word occurs repeatedly in the plays and, like the word "indeed,' is undivided.

At the next meeting of the club I pointed out the error of Mr. Boutwell, who was present.

More than twenty different kinds of cipher have been found, many of which I have verified. One kind I call the grammalogue cipher, in various forms, of which I have myself found a few, disclosing the name Bacon and Ignoto.

The Owen "Cipher Story" gives us "The Tragical Historie of my Brother, the Earl of Essex." In the pathetic "Prologue," near the beginning, is the expression "antique fage." The word "fage" is not in the Shakespeare vocabulary. Can some reader tell us in what early play it is found, and what it means?

Washington, D.C. WM. HENRY BURR.

German Criticism

IN August, 1904, Dr. Konrad Meier, of Dresden, published a very able review of Mr. Churton Collins' *Studies in Shakespeare*, in which he gives a stern rebuke to the passion and petulance shown not only to the Bacon question, but to other subjects where no special testiness might be expected. Thus Collins writes as to his studies of *Titus Andronicus*:—"I have been anticipated, as I learn from Dr. Ward, by H. Kurz, . . . and A. Schröer. The last two I have not sought and not seen; for, though I love German poetry and am not revolted by German classical prose, I abominate German academic monographs and indulge myself in the luxury of avoiding them, whenever it is possible to do so; being moreover 'insular' enough to think that, on the question of the authenticity of an Elizabethan drama, an English scholar can dispense with German light." Naturally, Dr. Meier resents this insolence, ironically calling it a specimen of insular modesty, courtesy and culture—really an outbreak of passion which is rather suspicious, since for this tasteless attack there is not the least occasion. He comforts himself by the reflection that greater

spirits than J. Churton Collins have unreservedly recognised how much Shakespeare research is indebted to German scholarship.

Dr. Meier then notices each chapter in the book *seriatim*. Some of his comments are so illuminating that they deserve a record in our columns.

Speaking of Shakespeare's knowledge of classic language, he contends that he was also acquainted with Latin legal technicalities. Thus Hamlet (III. iv. 51) exclaims, "What act that roars so loud and thunders in the index." According to Roman law, the *index* is the person who exposes a crime: *Indicium* is *detectio rei occultæ, præsertim criminis;* and in Asconius' commentary on Cicero's speeches we read, in regard to *index: Universim de eo dicitur qui occultum (Crimen) quispiam patefacit ei, cuia interest sciri.* The passage in *Hamlet* means, "What is the deed which in the mouth of him who has hit upon it so loudly roars and thunders?" ["*Welche tat die im Munde dessen, der dahinter gekommem ist, so brüllt und losdonnert.*"]

After giving other illustrations of classic knowledge, and even Hebrew, Dr. Meier summarizes: "On the whole it may, for the present, be sufficient to say that Shakespeare had an exact knowledge of Roman and Greek literature, and of the languages in which they are preserved." From this fact, however, Collins does not draw the most obvious conclusion; he seeks to explain it away and put a forced construction on the contradiction between this fact and Ben Jonson's "small Latin and less Greek." The only secure conclusion is that Ben Jonson's statement is false or has been falsely interpreted.

Coming, in conclusion, to Churton Collins's chapter on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Mania"—a review of Judge Webb's book—not having read the book or any other Baconian publication, Dr. Meier cannot speak positively. "But I affirm," he says, "quite unhesitatingly, that this chapter by its irritability [*leidenshaftigkeit*] and its entirely unscientific tone is utterly repulsive to me. In the Introduction there is a crop of these incivilities, 'frivolities and follies now epidemic,' 'buffooneries of sciolists, cranks and fribbles;'" and near the end Collins says, "This Baconian craze is a subject in which the student of morbid psychology is far more intimately concerned than the literary critic." These malicious attacks may perhaps discredit the opponent, but they are quite unscientific. Collins disguises his weakness by passion; science seeks truth.

Dr. Meier adds, "We need not, in my opinion, consider that those have lost their reason who suspect that Shakespeare is Bacon's pseudonym. Even Goethe did not fully believe in the authorship of the player, and, so far as I know, no one has pronounced him fit for a lunatic asylum. R. M. T.

SEVERAL articles and letters are unavoidably held over for lack of space.—ED.